THE COMMONWEAL

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FREEDOM UNDER THE LAW

WE HAVE here two interesting documents—Mr. Hoover's address to the recent Associated Press banquet in New York City, urging enforcement of the law; and the annual report of the Police Department, Detroit, Michigan. Generally speaking, both make the same point. Crime is extraordinarily prevalent. The United States may lay claim to having established a record for murder, robbery, embezzlement and forgery. We are some fifty times as efficient in the art of robbery as the British. It would be difficult to estimate the extent of the narcotic traffic, or to compute the dimensions of police protection given to various criminal enterprises. Though the Detroit statistics show certain decreases in the number of murders and robberies committed during the past year, the rate of progress is startlingly slow.

To every citizen these facts will be of the gravest concern. They indicate, primarily, a decline of respect for religion and the moral code. For these things no government can create a substitute. It may speed up the machinery of justice, turn a deaf ear to projects of criminal reclamation, and make the penalties increasingly severe. But all this has never sufficed in any country and cannot be relied upon here, where very definite cultural factors have aided the business of crime. We have lived through a period of tremendous readjustment. The farm youth has learned to know the city; the immigrant has grown familiar with a new land; people in high station have been overwhelmed and vitiated by incredible accessions of money and power. These nation-wide processes have made for moral laxity because they rifled the treasury of the community conscience and left the individual free to dicker with the limited tyranny of his own convictions.

For ourselves, however, we think that none of all these deleterious influences is half so important as prohibition. Though the President declared that only 8 percent of convictions for felony last year followed arrests for violating the Eighteenth Amendment, his declaration is not so reassuring as it might seem. What percentage of murder and manslaughter can be charged to bootlegging and its entourage? How much of gaming and prostitution has been deliberately fomented by the new traffic in liquor? Moreover, the statistics for Detroit indicate that 4,325 arrests were made last year in the interests of prohibition enforcement, while 28,804 (three times as many as in 1913)

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were brought up on charges of drunkenness. Who shall aver that this does not constitute a tremendous civic problem, independently of its implications with other forms of wrong-doing?

We go on, therefore, to quote what is perhaps the most important part of Mr. Hoover's address: "No individual has the right to determine what law shall be obeyed and what law shall be enforced. If a law is wrong, its rigid enforcement is the surest guarantee of its repeal. If it is right, its enforcement is the quickest method of compelling respect for it. I have seen statements published within a few days encouraging citizens to defy a law because that particular journal did not approve of the law itself." It may well be that editorial opinion has sometimes gone too far in its opposition to prohibition. At any rate the point deserves comment, however little ultimate efficacy may attach to what we say.

What are the rights of the individual with respect to the law? Well, we will say frankly that anyone bred to the tradition of western civilization—or even to the manner of Englishmen from whom our social forms derive—will never admit, while life is in him, that obedience to any and every law because it is a law can be exacted of the individual. Who shall dare tell the shades of Thomas More, of Hampton, and John Adams and George Washington himself, that reverence for the letter of any obligation is a sacred duty? And in the longer reaches of Christian history, there were "worms who crawled from their tombs" to say nay to Caesar, and thousands who died stolidly when the assaults of tyranny were made. And all this not because the individual is empowered to say which laws shall be obeyed, but because conscience has immemorially found that right and wrong are anchored in far deeper waters than those of statutes and criminal codes.

On the other hand we have always held that whether or not a citizen is to be permitted to drain a decanter of sherry contains no such august moral implications. It is, in itself, an indifferent matter about which, ordinarily, we should make little fuss. But obviously prohibition has foisted upon the nation a reality—a civic reality—comprising on the one hand a declaration that the drinking of alcohol is wrong, and on the other hand an enforcement job which can end successfully only if the local communities themselves undertake it eagerly. We do not believe in either the declaration or the job. We are bold enough to surmise that if the government could rid itself of both it would be freer to take up the really pressing tasks of enforcement. It might eventually junk all that statutory mess which has resulted everywhere in conflict of laws, in provisions no one would dream of enforcing, in constitutional amendments, even, which have been disregarded for half a century. It might proceed with certain very important reforms, of which congressional reapportionment is one. But as things are now, what is the next move?

WEEK BY WEEK

IN ALL likelihood nothing more substantial than a report will emanate from the reparations conference. Three difficulties have barred progress all along: lack of agreement as to the vital international aspects of the war-finance problem, so that each country in turn has simply tried to advance its own interests; lack of knowledge based on cold analysis of what the Germans actually can pay; and unwillingness to talk money without recourse to diplomatic and political conversation. Dr. Schacht has partaken as heartily of the conferential chaos as anybody else, so that suspicions to the effect that he has kept one eye upon future campaigns in the Reich are not wholly unjustified. On the whole, however, he appears to have been supported by stubborn facts. The transfer protection accorded Germany under the Dawes plan has meant stable currency and limitation of the sums payable to the amount which the creditor nations could absorb in terms of their own exchange. Under the system proposed by the existing conference, this protection is to be auctioned off for a discount on the entire amount due from Germany. How large shall this discount be? Dr. Schacht has demanded more than the former Allies have been willing to offer. The only possible compromise appears to be retention of the protection and fixation of the round total of what the Reich owes. This involves such diverse sacrifices, however, that one conference could never suffice for its adoption.

Reparations Unsolved

NO ONE doubts that the financial problems accruing from the war are destined to play an increasingly prominent part in the world's politics. German banking is in a far less favorable state than was the case a year ago, when borrowing in the American market had resulted in a substantial gold reserve. This has recently dwindled, and it is even predicted that borrowing will prove so difficult that reparations payments under the Dawes plan will cease altogether. The political effect everywhere in Europe may be left to the imagination. Meanwhile the British Labor party is making campaign capital out of the prevailing dissatisfaction with the Balfour version of war debts. Mr. Philip Snowden recently treated himself to a sensational denunciation of that version. His point that Britain, by promising to collect from Germany no more than the amount of its indebtedness to the United States had manoeuvered itself into a distinct disadvantage, meets with general approval in a country trying hard to offset hard times with a project of unemployment relief. It is predicted that Mr. Snowden will surely be the next Chancelor of the Exchequer. In that case the oil which Balfour tried to pour on the waters will probably look like a futile top-dressing for a series of highly agitated waves. Yes, the world is sure to stage another conference.

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BELIEVING as we do that the work of the Mediaeval Academy of America, which met in Boston on April 27, is of notable cultural importance, we hope to review the proceedings as adequately as possible later on. Meanwhile special interest attaches to the address given by Dr. Karl Young, of Yale University, outlining the status of contemporary research in mediaeval drama. Modern scholarship challenges not a few opinions commonly held regarding the character of the ecclesiastical plays, and the liturgy itself is found to be less dramatic than was formerly supposed. "One reason why so much drama has been discerned in the liturgy is that almost anything there suggestive of the theatre has been mistaken for a play—a bit of dialogue, verses and responses, a gesture of reverence, antiphonal utterance, or movements about the choir," says Professor Young. "All of these are, if we like, 'dramatic,' but in themselves they are not 'drama.' We have now come to see that the essential element in genuine drama is not bodily movement or particular forms of speech, but impersonation." It follows that, despite what has often been said, the Mass is not a drama, for the reason that it does not contain the element of impersonation. Nor did it give rise to drama; and such mediaeval ceremonies as the singing of the Passion during Holy Week were less theatrical than scholars of twenty years ago generally supposed.

The Church and Drama

ACCORDING to Professor Young, whose authority no one will question, investigators now believe that the earliest plays arose from additions to the liturgical text of Easter Day. The number of published Easter plays has increased from about two hundred to more than four hundred during recent years. Others await publication, and some of these appear to throw new light on the whole subject. On the other hand, relatively little has been added to our knowledge of the Christmas season plays, although four Magi plays for Epiphany have recently been published. Again, it is becoming increasingly evident that little attention was given to Old Testament subjects, while the discovery of little dramas written for feasts of the Blessed Virgin has brought to light a body of hitherto unnoticed facts. What is the quality of the mediaeval dramatic output? Professor Young holds that it was characterized by pathos, naïveté and splendor rather than by virile utterance or majestic structure. "It discloses," he declares, "not so much assured achievement as pious groping for a new form of expression. In no other domain are we permitted to observe so closely the origin of a literary type. Of modern drama we have before us here the veritable first syllables, first sentences and first gestures. The spectacle is humbling to human pride, and instructive to modern education. Christendom had broken with the mighty dramatic tradition of antiquity, and had solemnly undertaken to fashion a new drama of its own. Its falterings and limitations touch our hearts, and warn us once again that it is dangerous to ignore one's ancestors."

ONE of the most baffling of human phenomena is the willingness of large majorities to accept an individual's evaluation of himself. In America the process is always tremendously facilitated by the assumption of a crusading and eloquent foray against some force, real or imaginary, which threatens the country's institutions. Back through the Congresses we have seen Mr. Borah being fearless and independent. Yet during the last campaign the same fire-eater was as sheep-like as the most party-broken and dyed-in-the-wool Republican. Returned to the Senate chamber, he can afford to resume his leonine aspect, and turn his recovered roar upon his erstwhile Hoover-supporting colleague, the sad senior Senator from Alabama. We are happy to see that the intelligent press of the country is becoming awake to Mr. Borah and that it hastened to tell him that he was too late. Indeed the Senate has taken up too much time with Mr. Heflin, whose notoriety is at once his joy and his bread and butter. It is ridiculous that he should be allowed to make his windy flights especially in a session which is met to consider farm relief and the tariff; it is more ridiculous that his alarums and excursions into the direst prophecy should provoke anything but silence and ignoring.

Paralleling Senators

ITS annual inventory of new knowledge has been made by the National Academy of Science. And an impressive stock it is. Since the savants held their last annual meeting, they have learned much of conditions both in our home atmosphere and in the outer cosmos. Dr. Charles E. St. John of Mount Wilson has identified twenty-three elements in the sun which had not been previously recognized. Jan Schilt of Yale has shown the reality of star streams. Dr. Abbot of the Smithsonian has taken vanes from the wings of house-flies, and measured the kinetic energy of the stars. Experts from the Naval Research Laboratory have secured additional evidence to support a contention that flares of ultra-violet in the sun spots are related to magnetic storms in the earth's atmosphere. Mr. George Squier has endeared himself to radio devotees by a system of "wired wireless" which will eliminate static and fading. And Dr. Ales Hrdlicka has amply demonstrated that natural scientists in this country are above the average in physique and in size of head. All this was duly reported, at somewhat greater length than is here indicated, and left no room for doubt that science has not been wasting time this last year. Incidentally, the detailed descriptions of the experiments and discoveries make very satisfactory reading. One missed from the various newspaper accounts only the honored clincher that "a good time was had by all."

Science Takes Stock

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STATISTICS published by the Department of Labor indicate that religious denominations are financing 475 homes for the aged in the United States. Of these 127 are Catholic institutions, in which more than thirteen thousand persons (more than half of the total number) reside. Though we are indebted to certain religious organizations, notably the Little Sisters of the Poor and the Sisters of Saint Francis, for a large part of the efficiency and economy with which this work is done, the enterprise is genuinely a matter in which all of us are concerned. Probably no charity has appealed more widely to the generous. It is natural to feel that the old, left alone and infirm after their years of service, ought to be decently housed and cared for. But does our kindness extend much farther than our alms? There are numerous ways in which the lives of these aged folk could be brightened and benefited at a very slight expenditure of time and energy. Meanwhile all may rightly be grateful for what has been accomplished and for the testimonial erected to Catholic kindliness.

Caring for the Aged

THE recent meeting of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association in New York was made especially interesting by its discussion of the Minnesota newspaper suppression law. This statute, which was passed in 1925, puts it into the power of a judge of that state to suspend, without benefit of jury or indeed any sort of preliminary hearing, any publication which he may think guilty of printing "malicious, scandalous or defamatory articles." In adopting a report on this law which stigmatized it as "tyrannical, despotic, un-American and oppressive," the Association was not expressing itself with undue vehemence. Whatever the local extenuations for such a measure, it is a reversal of achievement in one of humanity's hardest-fought fields. It is wrong in principle, and of the most ominous practical import since, in the words of the report, "it furnishes the fetters whereby corruption in office may completely enslave and debase our free institutions without fear of public exposure." Freedom, like virtue, is one; the freedom of the press cannot thus be menaced and other forms of freedom remain secure. There should be general approval of the Association's determination to work actively for the repeal of what is, in effect, a piece of reactionary insolence.

Reactionary Insolence

WITH very little fanfare the American Association of Legal Authors has inaugurated that phase of its purpose which seeks to interpret current events in their legal aspects, in a series of articles in the general press. It is refreshing to turn to these commentaries with the assurance that every statement is made with authority, and to encounter in them that spirit of impartiality which should distinguish the administration of law. Nor has the Publication Committee hesitated to characterize certain legal practices as questionable. As a case in point, the Current Events Committee states that, under New York law, "evidence, however questionable the methods by which it had been obtained, would be admissible in courts if pertinent to the issue involved. . . . A different rule, happily, is sometimes applied in the United States courts, upon the theory that full effect can be given to the constitutional guarantees against unreasonable searches and seizures and self-incrimination only by forbidding the use of evidence obtained by [such] methods." The contrast between the two procedures is naturally productive of the conclusion that the better should prevail. By aligning public opinion behind it in such matters, the Association will be able to move with considerable strength against any procedure which threatens the course of justice.

Auspiciously Begun

THE editor of The Commonweal once responded to Mr. Mencken's public request for prayers by saluting him as one who, in his devotion to freedom, honesty and courage, had often actually served the Church. The appraisal receives special point in the current American Mercury, upon which Mr. Mencken has sprinkled something tasting like the veritable "sal catholicum" with a liberal hand. Let us not overstate the case. Let us admit that Mr. Mencken's remarks on religious and near-religious matters (hereafter noted) though unimpugnably sound, are still full of hints as to that private naturalistic revelation which was evidently once vouchsafed their author. Let us say, too, that Mr. Frank Ward O'Malley's paper on the Irish priest, old style (His Rev'rince—Rest His Soul!) to which Mr. Mencken gives important space, though it ends as a brief, does not begin as one; it begins, seemingly, in the curiosity of Mr. O'Malley as to what will happen if the usual debunking clichés are applied to one of the most heroic and saintly types to be found even in the rich history of his own Communion.

Defender of the Faith

HOWEVER, Mr. O'Malley is conquered by his subject before he gets very far under way, and we remember his article by the flavor of its finale: "I herewith lay a small bet . . . that when I go to heaven I'll find the Roach Stratons and Billy Sundays, if any, gladly holding down the regular and honorable job of shining the solid gold brogans of Father Dennis Mulhearn." This is fair enough. Mr. Mencken's own observations, in his book column, invite even closer attention. They include an apologia for permanent marriage which, except that it stops short of the supernatural principle, is indistinguishable from what a mellow old priest might say to a marrying world; and an amusingly complete reply to Dr. Barrett's latest book. To the suggestion that American Catholics (whose spiritual state continues to give Dr. Barrett

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concern) are really a separate church, Mr. Mencken hazards the guess that the existing differences are not important: "the Church will go on winking at heresy hereafter as it has in the past." For "heresy," of which Mr. Mencken does not know the scientific definition, read "variation," which is what he really means, and the remark shows once more his instinct for feeling his way to a shrewd conclusion. Similarly with Dr. Barrett's plea for a non-celibate clergy—"poppycock!" says Mr. Mencken: "If a man actually believes in an omnipotent God, and has deliberately consecrated his life to serving Him, then the impulse to be diligent in that service must necessarily be far more powerful than the impulse of another man to take care of his wife and children. . . . The arguments in favor of celibacy are numerous and overwhelming. The best of them is the plain fact that it has worked." Thus, albeit unwittingly, does Mr. Mencken enlarge his claim to the title, Defender of the Faith.

Labor in the South

PROCEEDINGS at the two-day conference of the Labor College of Philadelphia will be read with both hope and confusion in the textile centres of the South. On the one hand, Professor Lansburgh of the University of Pennsylvania predicted that the present low-wage condition in the South is "as transitory as the Gold Rush." His metaphor, of course, is launched from the point of view of the northern investor. Even so, the satisfaction of this prophecy is something for which all true friends of industry most earnestly hope. But Professor Lansburgh also declared that "the only condition which now seems an inducement for textile manufacturers is that of the cheap labor supply." Consequently, "the South has no permanent advantage over the North." Therefore, the northern textile manufacturer need not worry about moving south in order to meet competition. There is much sound sense in this. But the conclusion we reach is that the sooner Professor Lansburgh's "transitory" stage is passed, and labor in the South has won its fair rewards, the sooner that section will see the necessity of developing facilities to compare with those of the North.

Brother Barnabas

THE death of Brother Barnabas has saddened all who ever came in contact with that brave and joyous spirit. It will be regretted, too, by the thousands who did not know him, but who were influenced and inspired by his work. For if there is now a healthy, growing interest in boy guidance among Catholic men of this country, it is at least partly traceable to Brother Barnabas, to the thirty-four years in which he studied and preached, with an enthusiasm that never dulled, the gospel of ministry to boyhood. Among non-Catholics, too, he left the imprint of his desire. He was, as the New York Times has described him, "a saint walking amid the crowded, busy, modern ways of men." And he was himself as busy as any of them—busier than most. Founder of Saint Philip's Home for Industrial Boys, founder and director of the Lincoln Agricultural School at Lincolndale, New York, secretary of the Boys' Life Bureau of the Knights of Columbus, director of the Catholic Mission on Scouting, he was also an active member of dozens of social, charitable and industrial societies, conferences and commissions, and among all these his influence was felt. In him the Christian Brothers have lost one of their most distinguished members.

The Root of All Evil

IT IS now on record that there exists a community in Alaska where unskilled laboring men have more money than they know what to do with. Their income is derived from several sources: trapping, which brings rewards twenty times as great as a generation ago, and work around construction camps, which is paid for at the rate of $7.00 a day and board. But it is considered a great bother to lug gold and silver around on your person. These men see no sense in saving money; some is necessary to keep them in food but the rest has no value whatever. It would seem to be a harmless situation, but Mr. A. H. Twichell, Alaskan correspondent of the Museum of the American Indian, assures us that it is not. It has made the men lazy—it has done worse: with so much money to spend, and so little to spend it on, they are drinking very heavily; they are suffering in consequence a deplorable spiritual and physical decay. How unfortunate is the Eskimo, who was once pitied as poor, and is an object of equal compassion now that he is rich!

THE HYPOTHESIS OF PEACE

IT WAS a dramatic moment in Geneva when Ambassador Hugh S. Gibson addressed the Preparatory Commission for Disarmament. The conference had opened at a time when prospects for agreement were particularly discouraging. Events in Europe and the United States during recent months had not constituted especially happy omens of success. Congress had passed the fifteen-cruiser bill in opposition to the wishes of the President and the President-elect. Great Britain had expressed suspicion of our intentions. Germany's new cruiser had been revealed as the most formidable development in naval architecture in a generation instead of as the "toy battleship" which was London's first amused epithet. There was Italy's desire to have a navy as large as that of France, there were the debates in the French Senate bringing out, subsequently, the importance attached there to submarines, and a dozen other signs pointing to a fierce competition in naval armaments. And all this, paradoxically enough, was being done in the name of peace. Little wonder that Mr. Gibson's speech evoked such enthusiasm. It was the enthusiasm of relief. Some-

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one had at last dared to roll the ball in an opposite direction.

Now let us consider Congressman Britten's description of that speech as "another naval victory for British diplomacy." We cannot agree with him. To us this proposal for equality on a low standard rather than on a high one is a challenge to big-navy men everywhere, but particularly to the big-navy party in Great Britain. How will an acceptance of the French plan for a restriction of total tonnage, combined with a formula of our own for translating both tonnage and guns into units of power—units which may be distributed according to the policing needs of the separate nations—prevent us from taking account of the military value of Britain's many naval bases? She will have the 6,000-ton ships of limited cruising power which her widespread possessions demand and her strategically located bases permit, and we shall have the 10,000-tonners of great cruising power which our lack of bases necessitates. France will have her submarines. But all will be limited according to the sane and desirable idea that a navy may be built to fill the necessities of peace rather than the possibility of war.

It is the only solution which reconciles three points of view based upon three separate needs. The welcome which it has received ought to be some indication of its fairness in outline, despite the fact that peace workers these days are easily given to hosannas. And, clearly enough, the objections raised in one country counteract those in another, making it barely possible that the big-navy men everywhere have spoken before making quite sure what they are talking about. In England they declared that the suggestions advanced by Mr. Gibson are unacceptable because—we quote from Mr. Balderston of the World—"a large part of British strength, but not American, will go into small cruisers for patrolling the trade routes." For us, Mr. Britten stated that the plan amounts to a "complete surrender" on the part of the United States. Both sides, then, are surrendering, but what they surrender is something which should have been scrapped before. They are giving up the hypothesis of war.

It is here that Mr. Britten and Mr. Gibson most widely differ. We endorse the former's appeal for an American navy which shall be second to none in the world—in other words, undoubtedly equal to Great Britain's—but we believe with Mr. Gibson that this equality may as well be based on a standard, say, of fifty ships as on one of five thousand.

In answer to those who advise arms as the best insurance against war, we set Mr. Gibson's hypothesis of peace. If the Kellogg pact means anything, it means that the world is ready to act as though war has been eliminated as the means of settling disputes. And so the real test of that pact comes immediately; we need wait no longer. The results of this Preparatory Commission will show the temper of the nations, which at present seem ready to follow wherever the United States may lead.

WHAT IS TRUTH?

RELIGION, to the modern world at large, is a sign written over an abiding quest. The hopelessness of trying to cramp into the here and now man's whole personality; the ending of every path in mystery and dissatisfaction of heart; the loneliness of the individual, forever seeking among friends that ultimate Friend in Whose will there is peace—these things goad thousands on to a spiritual pilgrimage which, however vague the goal finally reached, remains life's deepest and richest experience. A Catholic must summon all his charity to understand. Secure in the bonds of that august communion which joins saint and sinner in divine affection, he can with difficulty comprehend the restlessness of souls without, to whom authority has given no password to the realm of certainty. But that he should try to discover the meaning of this mysterious difference is obvious. Here, after all, is the fundamental application of the parable of him who went down from Jericho and fell among robbers. And if one should fail to carry out, so far as one can, the example of the Samaritan, it will follow that the heartless of the Scripture have their modern counterpart in him.

Now there are great treatises on the modern soul, written from varied points of view. No age has been so quick to chronicle its spiritual peculiarities as our own. But sometimes the clearest light is that which falls suddenly, unawares; and so we find in a paper recently contributed to McCall's Magazine by Mr. Basil King the revelation of an important tendency. What is a church? Well, our author answers, it is a religious body which expresses one of those "points of view" which Christianity has needed in order to "present itself to the world." Humanity, you see, never manifests itself in merely one way. That is why literature and the arts can be so constantly rejuvenated. Precisely because Christianity is important, it cannot be reduced to one formula—at least one outward, ecclesiastical formula. Naturally the point becomes clear when you consider how the churches "evolved." At first "ecclesia" meant only "a meeting," says Mr. King. Later on the firmly fixed corporate bodies of Christendom, most of them offshoots from the Catholic Church, became alike "curiously unattractive to people not members of any church." And the answer? Probably to think that Christ meant His kingdom to be "a power, a treasure, a possession, a refuge, a place of escape from the too-pressing ills of this world, and open to all with a thought and a good intention." This may be the ultimate substitute for the church.

All of which is neither profound nor logical. Nevertheless it puts the matter as thousands actually do put it in real life. One may reply that a critical inspection of the sources shows that the coming together of Christians in the Church—the "ecclesia"—was by no means haphazard but definitely in accord with the

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Saviour's command. Certainly few historical scholars of the first rank would concede the rightness of Mr. King's summary of the facts. At the beginning there was Peter, and Peter was a rock. But this reasoning is less effective than it might otherwise be, for the reason that modern people start with a feeling that they have outgrown much once reverenced as final. This feeling in turn seems a compound of two factors the importance of which can hardly be over-emphasized.

Evolution! Rightly understood, the theory that all things mundane arrive at bloom through growth is an index to creative processes we can never fathom but to the reasonable contemplation of which we may ultimately arrive; but enlarged out of all relation to facts, evolution distorts reality more radically than any futurism could. Can a tree "evolve" farther than blossom and fruit? Are the laws which govern the reeling of the spheres subject to fantastic change which will end in something like a universe shifted into reverse? Is a verity which mankind comes to know destined for some oddish transmigrations into a dozen other truths? Can history ever be the future, or the defeat of Napoleon a victory? The exact counterpart of these fantastic questions is: Will Christianity permit of "evolution" into "modern views" of God's way with man? And the reply must surely be that when the Master spoke of His kingdom it was as of a mustard seed taking root, or a vine producing branches.

In other words, we may say it was a definite organic entity destined to expand but not to change. The mustard seed would not eventually bring forth rose-buds, the branches of the vine could never fade into shadows. And so from the beginning clear tests of life were given—the sacraments, the unitive life (which is not merely the life of one with God, but the life of all in union with God) the walk to Calvary.

The concept of evolution has entered so definitely into the modern consciousness that it merits vastly more attention than we usually give to it. One's likes or dislikes do not matter. The problem is to analyze the idea fully and competently—to see what is true and good in evolution, and to discern what men have unwisely read into it. Surely one essential part of this task is to reveal how the Church has grown through the ages as only a living, virile entity could grow. We are thinking not so much of the development of dogma in Newman's sense, and of that progress in prayer and sanctity, in faith and charity, which is evident particularly in the liturgy. The Catholic has been boldly anti-individualist, not because he has feared himself but because he has found happiness in the robust vitality of a larger, mystical life. Among all the images which set forth the world of his faith, none is more direct than that of the seed falling on rich soil. For in the garden of flowers to which one may belong, there is never any fear that the rain and the sun will strip the ground from under one's feet, or that the bloom which might have flourished under the gardener's eye will be throttled by alien thorns.

But of course, in religion, men would not be so eager for a new dispensation if it were not for a second, radical orientation of their minds. The modern world is desperately anticlerical. It began to be so, let us admit, in an era when too many clerics invited, unfortunately, enmity against themselves. Nevertheless time and freedom have only emphasized anti-clericalism. The Protestant divine succeeds in being loved only when he is heroically lovable. What is his influence with the dying, or with the young? To how great an extent does he incorporate authority that invites reverence or even approval? In the United States today, where Protestantism has enjoyed an unparalleled opportunity to expand, many more thousands trace their agnosticism to revulsion from a minister than ever took a similar course in the strident days after Chaucer. The modern world is anticlerical simply because it believes in leveling—leveling classes, leveling moral standards, leveling mental attainments, everything that runs counter to its whims and its sloth.

One reply only seems possible. It will never do, in the long run, to conceive of the sacred ministry as an office which the layman can share in any large measure. Dub him an apologist and he, too, becomes "clerical"; dub him something more and the laws of the spiritual life are against you. There is no way out excepting to restore the concept of the Church as an organically living unity, from the roots of which strength flows through every tendril. The priest, then, becomes "all things to all men," not because of professional genius—not because he is anything like a doctor or an executive—but simply because the life of the "mystical body" courses through him. His is the faculty of transmitting growth and virtue, peace and the ultimate secrets of God. Nothing in him matters excepting as grace matters. Nothing of his is elect excepting that which has endured from eternal days.

Religion, we have said, is now a sign written above a quest. And what can the thirst and the seeking, the eager waiting and the desolate heart-beat, be for excepting that life which God did not suffer to remain indefinitely apart from our world but placed securely "within us," so that His hearth might be enkindled everywhere? Neither "thought" nor "good intention" can suffice. As all men are rooted to the earth in birth, living and death, so that all thinking and intending can add nothing to their stature, so also must they sink themselves into the "new earth"—the kingdom—if their souls are to endure. Though in His mercy Christ may go abroad and bless multitudes that live alone, in parched cities, He has nevertheless set the law that His own rood has flowered into one tree. To that no one can be grafted by any kind of force. But if our charity and joy ever grew like unto His, the branches would increase a thousandfold.

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AMBASSADOR DAWES

By GEORGE E. ANDERSON

Although the following paper was written before Mr. Hugh Gibson's address at Geneva, it deals with a problem which that address has by no means settled. Naval armaments constitute the greatest source of potential disagreements between this country and Great Britain. Mr. Anderson believes that the government of the United States, like the people of the United States, is convinced that no profit could be derived from entering a competition for naval superiority. He holds that Mr. Dawes has been appointed in the hope that a satisfactory solution can be arrived at.—The Editors.

NO ONE even moderately acquainted with the vigorous and picturesque personality of the Honorable Charles G. Dawes, former Vice-President of the United States, has the least idea that in accepting the appointment of Ambassador to the Court of Saint James's he has been attracted by the glamour of the position. Five envoys of the United States to London have become Presidents—John Adams, James Monroe, John Quincy Adams, Martin Van Buren and James Buchanan. In the long line of eminent American statesmen who have represented the vast American republic in Great Britain, moreover, have been men who embodied the best in American law, literature, finance and statesmanship. Any man may well be attracted by the prospect of joining this brilliant group. But the statesman from Evanston has long since lost the mere ambition to hold office, even in such company. Having conquered everything in American politics worth while except the Presidency itself, he has reached that aloofness in domestic and world affairs from which he can be moved only by the prospect of extraordinary service. That service lies in the adjustment and settlement of the only outstanding question of importance between the United States and Great Britain—naval limitation and general disarmament.

Admittedly the situation presents a difficult task for the new Ambassador. It was well understood at the close of the conference on limitation of naval armaments in Washington that there remained many phases of naval limitation yet to be disposed of; but it was felt that with so much successfully accomplished in that conference, these problems could be left for another day. Since that time, however, developments have been rather adverse than otherwise. Efforts to limit naval construction further have failed, and in spite of much progress toward peace in treaty arrangements, there has been a recrudescence of naval aggrandizement which has threatened the whole peace movement. Moreover it has come to be realized that there lies more in this matter than the mere question of whether Great Britain or the United States shall possess the greater number of cruisers, or of the size and armament of such cruisers as may be constructed.

Probably war between Great Britain and the United States over a direct issue is impossible; the people of both nations so regard it, and they would prevent its occurrence. But war between Great Britain and another nation is quite possible, and in such an event Great Britain would need an adequate force of cruisers to protect its trade routes, its food supply, its very national life. This would immediately precipitate the question underlying the whole situation, that of the freedom of the seas. We need only go back to the early years of the world war to realize that what the United States must have under those circumstances is a naval force large enough to protect its neutral commerce. It is the possibilities of such a situation which are behind the demand of the United States for an adequate number of cruisers of large steaming radius and comparatively heavy armament, based on few fueling stations, as opposed to the insistence of Great Britain upon a larger number of cruisers based on a large number of fueling stations, and more suited to the protection of its numerous trade routes. The failure of the preliminary naval limitation conference at Geneva last year, a decided disappointment, was due mostly to the fact that the two nations were arguing upon the different premises here indicated. The real issue, the freedom of the seas in case of war involving Great Britain, was not openly considered. This issue lies directly between Great Britain and the United States, and is more a matter of diplomacy between them than a matter for the consideration of an international conference on naval limitations. Herein lies the possibility of great service on the part of the former Vice-President.

So far as actual and practical limitation of naval armaments is concerned, the authorization of the construction of fifteen new cruisers for the navy of the United States by the last Congress undoubtedly strengthens the hand of the new Ambassador, although under present circumstances it cannot be taken as a threat against any nation. The international armament situation at the present time is such that further disarmament or further limitation of armaments probably can only be secured by a process of trading. The strength of the American position at the Washington conference consisted largely in the fact that the American navy, as then authorized and in process of construction, was the strongest in the world. Nations concerned in the domination of the four seas realized that in the game of navy against navy for international supremacy they were already beaten, and that it was only by a limitation of international naval construction that they could hope to maintain even a parity with this country. There is no question but that the failure of the United States to take advantage

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of its position, as delimited by the limitation of armaments treaties, has placed this country in a situation where it does not possess at the present time the naval strength necessary to impose its will upon other nations in the matter of further limitation; and the failure of successive efforts toward such limitation in the past few years has been due to the fact that the United States has really had no concession to make.

On the other hand, other nations bound by the Washington treaties have acted up to the full limits fixed by these treaties. Their naval construction has proceeded and further construction is now proposed which, while coming within the limits of the Washington conference agreements, constitute at least a threat against the neutral rights of the United States in case of war, if indeed not a direct threat to national safety. The professed theory is that all this construction is needed for defense, for keeping open trade routes, for the protection of vital interests. It must be admitted that, in these circumstances, there is occasion for serious consideration as to the state of defense of this country. The renunciation of war as an instrument of national policy cannot of itself do away with the possibility of war, any more than the criminal law does away with crime; and if there is possibility of war, it is the business of the naval authorities of the United States to see to it that the United States is prepared to defend its legitimate and proper interests. But the same considerations apply to other nations. Great Britain, whose very life depends upon keeping the seas open to the commerce which supplies it with food and the necessities of life, especially deserves consideration. The defense of the United Kingdom and its far-flung colonies from naval aggression requires more naval strength than the defense of any other country. The American position is that, while we propose to avoid war, we must be prepared to protect our interests in case it breaks out between other nations or in case it is otherwise forced upon us. The British position is hardly so altruistic, perhaps not so naive, but is equally legitimate. The inconsistency of the matter lies in the fact that, so long as the question of neutral rights on the seas in case of war remains unsettled, an agreement is impossible because the two nations are not looking at the same thing.

A great diplomat once declared that the essential thing in diplomacy was to be able to perceive and appreciate the other man's view-point, and this has come to be the essential thing in matters of naval limitation. The whole question is now at the point where a settlement is a matter of statesmanship rather than of technical adjustment. The fact is that the naval authorities, the so-called naval experts, of all the leading naval powers have established a vicious circle which is leading to a recrudescence of armament out of all proportion to the real needs of any of the nations concerned. The practical considerations of treaties renouncing war, of agreements for coöperation in the maintenance of peace, of increasing means and methods of arbitration and conciliation and, above all, of the growing will of the people of the various nations for peace, are lost sight of in the contest for supremacy in theoretical situations. Since Europe has been steeped in war and doctrines of war for so many generations, and is not yet peace-conscious, the strongest tendency to increased armaments is to be found there. This tendency is met by defensive measures in the United States which further inflame European war susceptibilities, and the vicious circle is complete.

It need not be thought that the people of the several nations concerned in this new naval race are in sympathy with their own naval authorities. There is abundant evidence that they are entirely out of sympathy with them. The popular reaction in Great Britain and the United States over the failure of the limitation of armaments conference at Geneva is still reverberating in the halls of Congress and of Parliament. For months a feeling has been growing that technical naval considerations are of less importance than the broader considerations of international statesmanship, and that it may be well for civilians to step in where experts have so signally failed to accomplish anything. This attitude is reflected in the increasing disposition of many governmental authorities to question the soundness of the position assumed by the naval experts. Granted the defense premises of the naval experts their conclusions probably are sound enough. But there is a disposition to question the soundness of their premises.

The actual naval needs of the several nations concerned in this race for naval aggrandizement, if not supremacy, are really the critical phase of the entire matter. These needs differ among the several nations, but in a final analysis depend upon the good faith of the peoples now party to the treaty renouncing war. Naval establishments long ago passed the development needed for policing the seas. Piracy and robbery on the high seas no longer menace peaceful nations. If need be, an international naval police force could readily care for such matters without difficulty, and without much trouble or expense to any nation. This was done long ago as an international policy in the patrol of certain waters in China for the protection of international trade; it was followed for years in the suppression of the African slave trade; it is followed unhesitatingly in such international crises as the threat upon the international settlement at Shanghai a year or so ago; in short, it is a recognized policy among the nations in certain contingencies. The natural conclusion is that, if large navies are not necessary for international policing and the preservation of international law and order in the common interest of all nations, they must be designed for use against each other.

Are we to assume, therefore, that the United States navy is to be increased for use against Great Britain, or the British navy increased for use against the United States? A frank and truthful answer to this

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question is not so easy as might at first appear. Aside from or as a part of its national defense, Great Britain is arming to enforce certain rules in regard to neutral rights at sea in time of war. As its principal occasion for defense, the United States is arming to prevent the enforcement of such rules. The clash of interests is unmistakable and the only question remaining is what the two nations are going to do about it. An absolute prerequisite for the restriction of naval armaments among nations is the settlement of such an issue before it becomes involved in an actual clash of armaments. Any other policy is a confession of failure of statesmanship, of the uselessness of international agreements, of the lack of good faith among nations.

It requires very little consideration of the whole subject to realize that the various peoples concerned in the armament situation are not being taken into the confidence of their leaders and advisers. There is about the whole thing an air of mystery which is responsible for much of the uneasiness displayed by all. One calls to mind, with wistfulness, the "open covenants, openly arrived at," spoken of by Woodrow Wilson. Certainly no facts are known to the peoples of these nations which justify the constant disposition to increase armaments and invite the hostility and suspicion of other peoples.

The people of the United States are demanding further limitation of armaments. The people of Great Britain are demanding the same thing, and with these two peoples in agreement, further limitation of armaments will be realized. The significance of the appointment of General Dawes as Ambassador to Great Britain at the present crisis lies in the fact that he has had exceptionally successful experience in adjusting complicated international interests in critical times, and the secret of his success, aside from the innate ability of the man, has been largely his downright sincerity and intellectual integrity in attacking the problems of international adjustment brought to him for solution. With these qualities dominant in the negotiations, two willing peoples need have no serious difficulty in arriving at an agreement. It is unreasonable to believe that the will for peace and for the reduction of armaments which is so evidently theirs will not be given consideration.

ARISTOCRATIC COMMUNITIES

By CATHERINE RADZIWILL

WHEN the late Queen María Christina of Spain died recently, we heard much concerning the convent of which she was supposed to have been an abbess. These remarks inevitably resolved themselves in a general wonderment as to how she could have married King Alfonso XII if she were a nun. In reality, the Queen had never been a nun, had never even wished to be one, and the position of abbess of the Noble Ladies of the Hradschin in Prague is not a religious office, but merely the highest dignity which the Austrian court was able to confer on a woman.

In mediaeval Germany, families belonging to the highest aristocracy were preoccupied with the future of their children and especially of their daughters. It was not always possible to arrange suitable marriages —marriages, that is, with men of equal birth. At a time when orders of chivalry flourished, no head of an aristocratic family, especially of one of those who were known as "Reichsunmittelbar," which meant "next to the Empire," would have dreamt of allowing any of his relatives to wed into a family unable to produce thirty-two unimpeachable quarterings on both sides. If the proper person was not to be found, the girl had to remain single—in those days anything but an agreeable fate, especially if she were poor, as girls in high circles usually were. It thus became almost a necessity to do something to assure the existence of Germany's many princesses and countesses.

A solution was soon found, and in imitation of the Teutonic and Maltese orders, which were reserved to men, chapters of canonesses were established for women. These were in reality houses where ladies belonging to noble families could find a home and reside in safety, as well as enjoy an income enabling them to hold their rank in the world.

These chapters, of which there were several, possessed great privileges, and their members ranked with the princesses of the Empire, were, like them, called "Madam," and could go about unattended except for a lackey. Most of them had been founded by the emperors of the Holy Roman Empire, or by other sovereigns, and richly endowed. Their inmates, selected from a waiting list, had to bring a modest dowry which became the property of the chapter when they died or left to be married. Marriage was thus not forbidden to them, nor was the enjoyment of worldly pleasures. They were not even compelled to reside in the house of the community, except for four weeks in the year, and on certain religious holidays, but they had to recite appointed prayers night and morning, and they wore as a distinctive sign a broad ribbon crossing the chest, with an order pinned on the left shoulder. They received an income from the community which, if not large, was absolutely sufficient for their needs. And they were treated with immense respect not only by the public in general but by their own families as well.

To have such a canoness among one's relatives was considered a great honor. It was a proof that one's

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quarterings were above reproach, and that consequently one could pretend to marriage with the highest in the land. Communities such as I have described were exacting in regard to the proofs of nobility submitted to them with applications for membership; and one could be quite sure that after these had been passed upon and approved, one was quite right from the point of view of birth.

The lady at the head of such a community generally was called its abbess, although neither she nor the ladies under her care and supervision were nuns, or had pronounced any vows except the vow of respecting its rules, but she seldom resided in her community beyond the required time, and generally led a very gay life in her father's house, enjoying all the worldly pleasures within her reach. In reality she and all her ladies had enjoyed far more liberty than even their married sisters. When they were living in the community, they had sumptuous suites allotted to them where they received such male visitors as fathers, brothers and brothers-in-law. Other gentlemen could only be entertained in the general parlor of the house. There were arrangements by which even more latitude might be enjoyed—which reminds me of an amusing story from the community house in Prague.

A young Countess Nostitz, who was one of the inmates of the Hradschin community of Noble Ladies, was very much in love with a young Prince Fürstenberg, who for some reason or other could not marry her immediately. She contrived to receive him in her own apartment under the pretext that he was her brother. One day one of the lady superiors whose duty it was to watch over the morals of the young inmates of the establishment, entered the Countess's room to be informed that the Prince was her brother, a statement which she accepted. A few months later the couple were married, and when they came to pay the customary solemn visit to the community after their wedding, the same lady, happening to be present, indignantly demanded an explanation. The abbess, who evidently had her share of sense and humor, pronounced, to the relief of the culprits, one imagines: "All men are our brethren, until they become something else."

There were at the beginning of the fifteenth century a great many of these chapters in Germany and France. In the latter country they were abolished during the Revolution. The Reformation put an end to a good many in northern Germany, but a few, by going over to Lutheranism, survived with all their privileges, and kept their estates and their wealth. The most famous among them is that of Drübeck in the Harz, endowed by the Counts of Stolberg-Wernigerode, of which the wife of the head of that family is the abbess. At present this dignity is held by the Princess Marie of Stolberg-Wernigerode, by birth a Countess of Castell-Rüdenhausen. Another equally celebrated Protestant community of Noble Ladies is that of Itzehoe in Schleswig.

As for the chapter of the Noble Ladies of the Hradschin in Prague, it was founded in the fifteenth century by the second wife of the Emperor Maximilian, and has always had for its abbess an Austrian archduchess. It is a very rich community, and its head is in possession of the unusual privilege of crowning the Queens of Bohemia—a privilege exercised for the last time in the middle of the nineteenth century, when the Empress Maria Anna received the crown of Bohemia.

It was of this community that the late Queen Mother of Spain was abbess, but she hardly ever resided in Prague, only appearing there when absolutely necessary. She made herself extremely beloved, however, among the members of this famous chapter. As its head she enjoyed at the court of Vienna a special rank above all the other archduchesses, with the exception of the crown princess.

The Noble Ladies of the Hradschin have a magnificent palace enclosed within the walls of the old fortress, and during the winter season, which is always very gay in Prague, they entertain in quite a regal manner. The present abbess is the Archduchess Marie-Annonciade, a step-aunt of the late Emperor Charles, who in spite of her youth did the honors of the Vienna Hofburg after the death of the Empress Elizabeth. The Archduchess is now past thirty, but so far has not shown any inclination to marry, although she could easily have done so.

Another Austrian chapter of Noble Ladies was that of Saint Anne in Brünn, Moravia, which was founded by the Archduchess Maria Anna, the eldest daughter of the Empress Maria Teresa, who after her mother's death retired there and ended her days within its walls. But somehow it never attained the popularity achieved by the Noble Ladies of the Hradschin, although it exists still, having, unless I am mistaken, a Princess Schönborn for its abbess.

In Bavaria there are two chapters of Noble Ladies, that of Saint Elizabeth and that of Saint Anne, but unlike the Hradschin community, they receive widows as well as girls among their inmates. They have as a distinctive sign a broad blue ribbon which they put on on state occasions, and a decoration worn on a white and blue bow on the left shoulder. There is also the chapter of Saint Teresa, accessible to married ladies, girls and widows but this is an entirely secular institution, with easier admission requirements than any of the others. It has, not an abbess, but a "grande maitresse," who now is the wife of the former Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria.

As can be seen from the above, the late Queen María Christina of Spain was not a nun, in spite of the fact that she was called an abbess, and might have worn a mitre if asked to put the crown on the head of a Queen of Bohemia. But then, kings and queens in this age of democracy have become as mediaeval as the Noble Ladies of the Hradschin themselves, and do not get crowned any longer.

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THE PRESENT SITUATION OF ENGLAND

By HILAIRE BELLOC

Would a hypothetical wanderer who, having known life in England under Victoria as well as an old farmer knows his field, returned to it after an absence of forty years, think he was in a foreign country? Mr. Belloc declares in the affirmative, and holds that while the outward appearances of British national life have not changed, it reveals everywhere the effect of a moral revolution "the like of which no other European society has known." The disturbance has been primarily religious and political in character and, compared to it, lesser and more obvious changes count little.—The Editors.

IN MY recent travels which, since the war, have included North Africa and nearly all the European countries outside Russia (and a brief visit to the United States as well) what has struck me most has been the apparently increasing lack of comprehension between modern peoples. This is perhaps what the wise would have expected. For the wise discover that what should appear for superficial reasons is nearly always (for profound reasons) absent. Or rather, its opposite is present. Thus, detailed study will render a man weak in general judgment: a great wealth, so far from curing avarice, increases it—and so on. There is nothing, therefore, astonishing in the probability that perpetually increasing intercommunication and numbers of travelers should bring, not more intimate knowledge of foreign nations, but less. At any rate the fact is there without a doubt; and the proof of it is found in the astonishing judgments passed in every country upon the others, in fiction and in journalism, and in history; as well as in the appalling mistakes of foreign policy.

I would like in this article to speak of the situation of England as it now appears to me, a theme constantly present in my mind, and urging me to expression whenever I come back from these European rambles. Of course what I have to say is only one man's judgment, and may very well be wrong. I give it for what it is worth.

The one great note of modern England is the extreme rapidity of its spiritual change, contrasted with the equally striking immobility of its external framework, and of the titles by which that framework is described. We have passed within my own lifetime, and especially during the last twenty years, through a revolution the like of which no other European society has known. But it is a moral revolution, affecting the outward surface comparatively little. English architecture has changed less than French or German, the names of English institutions have not changed at all, the procedure of law, political assembly, administration, public service, education, uses the same terms and seems to be doing the same thing as it used and did at the end of the last century. But the spirit in which they are done is transformed.

The best metaphor I can apply to this great but occult event is one drawn from a private experience of my own which profoundly affected me when it occurred and which will ever remain sharply impressed upon my memory.

When I was a young man I had an acquaintance, almost a friend of my own age, serious, reticent, sober, of good judgment and eminently sane. I relied a good deal upon his advice, and I noticed the respect in which he was generally held. One day, after a brief absence, I met him in the street at Oxford. His features and even his expression were unchanged; his gait was the same. But the words he used and the passions to which he gave expression, were those of an utterly different man.

I am not suggesting that there has taken place in England through the moral revolution of which I speak, a change from better to worse; I am not describing the transformation as a loss of something I would rather have seen preserved. On that I would here pass no judgment. But I will maintain that a man who should have lived in the heart of England, being himself English, and intimate with the national soul during the last days of Queen Victoria, wholly cut off from England in the interval, and returning today—would find it a foreign country. I do not think that anyone not English, not even anyone sympathetic with England and of long acquaintance with England, but of alien early training, would agree. I know that most natives (with whom the stages of the change have been imperceptible) would, even if they agreed with me, say that I am exaggerating. I do not think so.

There are two fundamental things about any nation which determine the character of its society. The first, and of course by far the most important, is its religion—meaning by that word, not the doctrines explicitly professed (though these are the framework) but the whole bundle of sanctities, ethical habits and spiritual attitude. The second, commonly a product of the first, is its political genius: not its constitution, still less the mechanism of its political action, but the spirit in which its citizens regard themselves and the state.

Now in both these characters, the change in England is profound. The essential of the older England was the particular type of national Protestantism which inspired it. Without distinguishing what was good and what was bad therein, one can affirm securely that this spirit was of great strength and highly individual. It was unmistakable. No abstract word translates it at all. To call it Puritan or sentimental or rigorous or self-respecting or highly disciplined or full of illusion, gives no hint of its

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quality. It was an unmistakable thing like a flavor or a scent—and it is gone. Superficial critics remark the disappearance of its externals; for instance, the disappearance of the English Sunday, the disappearance of Bible reading; but these do not give the scale of the change at all, still less its quality. Bible reading might be as common as it was in the seventies, and a London Sunday might still be what it was in the seventies, and yet the spiritual atmosphere be changed completely. The most obvious of these externals or symptomatic changes is the license in fiction, but here again it *is* a symptom and not a cause; a branch and not a root.

On the political side the change is as profound. The one great mark of England was that England was an aristocratic state. It had been an aristocratic state since the middle of the seventeenth century when the wealthier classes destroyed the monarchy. It was the only aristocratic state of Europe since the extinction of Venice at the end of the middle-ages.

Now an aristocratic state is a peculiar phenomenon in history, a very rare one, and unmistakable in its effects. It does not mean of course a state in which there is an aristocracy. If it meant that, then nearly all states would be aristocratic and similar. It means a state in which the mass of the people expect to be governed, and like to be governed, by a special class. It does not mean that that class is set apart. Far from it, such a class can only exist as a permanency if its recruitment is open and its renewal continuous. It means a state where the idea of human equality is obnoxious to the national temper, and one in which the idea of the community acting as a whole through agents of its own, is despised as unreal. Thus, aristocracy is the exact opposite and enemy of monarchy.

Well, the aristocratic quality of the English state, though it has not evaporated so thoroughly as has the old religious savor, is at any rate largely volatilized. The various functions of an aristocratic state retain a similacrum of life, but the life itself has almost gone. The populace (save perhaps in the majority of our villages—and these do not account for a tenth of our population) do not desire to be ruled by the gentry, and have largely lost their instinctive sense which told them where the gentry could be found, and which recognized the type. The gentry, on their side, are no longer a homogeneous and cohesive body, and are no longer absorbing and digesting into their own organism the new material on which it should properly feed.

Compared with this great change in the intimate structure of the country, religious and political, it does not seem to me that lesser and more obvious changes count. There has been a complete change in the strategical situation and military security of Britain. There has been wide change in her economic circumstance. There has been great change in the distribution of population and of wealth, and instruction—and so on. But all things depend upon the mind, and these other modifications which we notice are but products of the inward change, or when they are not products, are but subsidiary things.

I say again and for the last time that I am not here praising or blaming. I am doing no more than bearing testimony; but to bear such testimony has a practical value because the evolution of which I speak must, with no great delay, have its effect upon international relations.

Meanwhile, there is one very interesting point to be added to the negative quality of the change, which is this: no corresponding positive is, so far, apparent. There is no growth, for instance, of democratic feeling in politics. There is no growth worth speaking about of Catholic or of any other positive non-Protestant spirit in religion. Our phase of change, at the moment, is not like the reversal of a tide: it is like slack water at the end of a flood.

Grey Walls

Grey wall that wanders through New England fields
Contemplative of what abides there still,
Dodging right-angled through the various yields
Of sweet-fern, cat-briar, cow-corn, what-you-will,

Waiting by orchards where the hid bees hum,
Watching the village from the high hill-slope,
Lost in a forest (which it knew would come
As little by little the clearing gave up hope)

Making, I say, some boundary through a wood
Where only the squirrel ferrets where it goes,
Emerging on an opening where there stood
A red barn, as the ruined cellar shows,

Veering, perchance, from where that tulip flower,
The factory chimney, blooms and never fades,
Staring at the new villa, glaring dour
At highways and their horseless cavalcades,

Grey wall, grey wall, I would address thee, go
Speak to the men who builded thee of old,
Give them this message that the living owe
To those who lie invisible in the mold.

Tell them their like in old New England now
Are pines—not men—old white pines dead, that stand
High o'er a sapling wood, too proud to bow
Trying to hold the stars in their dead hand.

Tell them the hawks that wander in the sky
Are their high progeny, for they look down
And find no sight familiar to the eye
Except perhaps the graveyard in the town.

Tell to these dead the plans that they conceived
Are dead as they, and yet God's plans live on.
That Power, at least, in which their bones believed
Has counted all their labors one by one.

Grey wall, grey wall, there lies by the wood's brink
An emerald hollow and a spring that seeps.
It weeps for those old men. I bid thee drink
Its tear-drops for the memory it keeps.

DANIEL SARGENT.

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BEAUTY FOR THE MASSES

By FREDERIC THOMPSON

LET me assume an initial prejudice against museums in general (with particular exceptions) and a prejudice (call it that if you like) in favor of churches in general (with particular accentuations). A museum to me is a dreary place. The serried rows of pictures clash one with another. The statuary looks cold, meaningless and repetitious. It requires a most refined concentration to single out anything.

True, if one's interest is purely intellectual, if one enjoys the study of comparative values, a technical inquisition into the diversities of methods, or an outline analysis of the trends and evolutions of art—then a museum is the place. But even for this, it seems to me, a museum offers only a bone heap. A study, for instance, of the Italian primitives in the Metropolitan Museum of Art may yield the willing pupil a pedantic knowledge sufficient to confound the less meticulous, but it is dead and indigestible matter unless the student knows the art alive, animated with a soul, in some dusky Umbrian sanctuary or the beautifully proportioned wall of a palazzo.

Of course, an objector (that phantom so convenient for writers) may object, the whole is better than the half and the half is better than nothing. Not always, I retort; the half might better be the whole of something else. Better than the flower of a once living art, torn from its roots and soil, from the air, the warmth, the light that gave it birth, and now slowly returning to the original dust in a glass coffin in a tomb—better, I believe, in every human sense is even a plaster effigy of the Little Flower with roses in a vase before it and votive candles.

The Church is the sanctuary of living art. The statue does not have to be of plaster. It may be, as happily once again more and more of our church statuary is, the product not of a mold or machine but of human hands, of hours of devoted and ecstatic work spent by an artizan loving what he works at. It may be beautiful enough to indulge the tourist, hat in hand, in the tenuous and doubtful sensuality of aesthetic appreciation. But more important than this—which is a sterile sensuality and which, it could be pointed out at another time, has led to degeneracy, injustice and suffering—most important is the fact that art in the Church has a functional importance. It lives. It does. It inspires. It leads the mind to think of the highest beauties that can be within the limits of our mortal being. For souls in an ecstasy of gladness, it is a station before which they may objectivate their gladness, relate it and return it to the transcendant universe. For those who are sore and heavy laden it is a reminder of the heights of humanity, a symbol of courage, a mute call to courage.

Next to the Church I am prejudiced (call it that if you will) in favor of the harmonious home. Here again art is functional, not on as high a plane as in the Church, but in pleasant and decent limits. Here the intellectual theory of art as an abstract thing-in-itself, has not withered art's humanity, as the theory has surely withered art in general as a force in our times.

I am reminded of two young wives in a big city. One said: "My dear, it's only two rooms with a kitchenette, but the bath-room has one of these pale sea-green porcelain tubs and the floor is big black-and-white checks." Both beamed at the contemplation of this art: sanitary plumbing aestheticized, and why not! Beauty in the bath-room is more important than beauty in the museum.

The museum attitude toward art—like British pride in the false and futilely colonnaded British Museum—is a curse which grows in our nation. It is the sop to conscience of minds insensible to art or too busy motoring. Safely consign art torn from its sources and function to the cold corridors of a mausoleum, and, packed in the family automobile, go for a picnic on the nearest unfenced estate. This we recommend. And there is no need to recommend it; it is the overwhelming practice. It is a healthy sign. The beauties of nature taken at first hand are far more humanizing than art à la museum. But neglect of the home is a shame; and neglect of the House of God may be a puny bid for the whole world and is an immortal loss.

The increasing fashion for people of wealth to leave millions and million-dollar collections to museums is another sign of the rank exuberance of the museum attitude toward art. For instance, the recent bequest by Mrs. H. O. Havemeyer to the Metropolitan Museum was generous and fine in motive beyond cavil. Her interest in art was sincere. She began as a girl by the purchase of a Degas for $100 under the friendly offices of Mary Cassatt. Subsequently she and her husband enlarged the collection of paintings and objects of art into one of the finest private collections in the world. Her bequest making her treasures the common property of the people, is typical of that generosity which seems to be one of the flowers of the democratic principle on which our nation is founded. The value of her bequest to students will be great. It is no derogation of such generosity as hers to maintain that too much art in museums is bad for a people, and that the money and intelligence exerted in this way should be given in other channels.

When we hear of the work of poor missionaries in districts where humanity has not green glazed bath-rooms, is ravaged by diseases of the flesh, and has no life of the soul beyond dark and hopeless myths; when we think of their frame churches, their few pictures

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and statues, we wish some little of the world's accumulated capital of beauty could find its way to them. It did, of course, in past ages. Some of the shrines of the early padres in Florida, Louisiana, Texas, New Mexico and California are still the uttermost of beauty made by man in our land. This is even more true of South America where old churches are adorned with paintings and frescoes as fine as any in the world.

If the objector (convenient to writers) objects to all the foregoing that the Louvre is perhaps the world's most famous museum and the French are the greatest of modern artists, I submit in rebuttal three propositions: first, that the nucleus of the Louvre collection is art removed by violence and without recompense to the originators and owners (stolen art, a blunt person might say) and admitting a fructifying influence from its presence, the evidence is incomplete because there is no way of ascertaining whether the art's influence might not have borne fruit finer than it did, if it had been left at home; secondly, the peculiar genius of the French people is intellectual refinement, logic, and under the influence of the Louvre, French schools of art have been derivative and degenerative (refinement of method with abatement of content) rather than surely progressive and creative (this point is highly controversial: it really gets back to the laicizing influence on art of the French Revolution and whether this has or has not had a degenerative effect); and thirdly, the Louvre was a palace before it was a museum. A palace hung with many pictures and stuffed with statuary may be not as elevating as the church of Santa Maria degli Angeli in Assisi adorned with the frescoes of Giotto, or as alive as the thronged shrine of a saint beautifully memorialized in a modern church; still it is a palace, and suggestions of temporal grandeur still cling to it and stir the imagination; whereas an out-and-out museum inevitably has the atmosphere of a tomb or safe deposit vault. That there is scarcely any attempt to make museums inwardly or outwardly original in design, or beautiful in themselves —while it may be a generous gesture of not wishing to vie with what they shelter—seems in itself to confess that in them art is dead.

I believe a competent historian could demonstrate that museums were, in their origins, places for the exhibition of booty, places where the spoils of war of a Caesar or Napoleon could be displayed to impress the crowd; and that native, living art, truly appreciated art, had generally a functional place in the temple, later in the church, and in the palace and in the home. Economics, Bergson describes as the invisible war, which being true, the modern museum is no different from the old. The enlightened philanthropist who wishes to give a gift of beauty to his people without levying on other people, will patronize the living, give beauty to the places where men and women worship, without pauperizing improve the appurtenances of the home, and leave to old and departed civilizations the vestures of their glory.

The convenient objector may object, for the third and last time, that the museums are better than nothing for those who cannot afford to travel, and that they are a means for the exchange of culture. Let us consider a specific alternative. The late Mr. Munsey bequeathed $4,000,000 to the Metropolitan. At 6 percent this would yield $240,000 a year. The average popular tourist third-cabin rate to Europe and return from New York, is $120. Thus 2,000 people a year could be taken to and from Europe. Invention and business efficiency continually progress, so that the number of people benefited could be increased, and no doubt on such a wholesale scale, the rate now charged could be lessened and more people benefited. Think of all the pilgrimages to sainted and historic places that would be made possible! Think of the hungry souls seeking Eldorado who have rushed round the highways and byways in their cars and seen only hot dog stands, comfort stations, sign boards, gasoline pumps and identical main streets, who might at last stand before Mont Saint Michel, straggle up the country lanes of France from the sea-board through the chateau district to Paris, see not the extras but the best of the French masters in the Louvre and the Luxembourg! The expense? I remember going from Paris down the Rhone, with unforgettable days in Avignon and Marseilles, over the Mediterranean to Corsica for two weeks in Ajaccio, Vizzavona, Bastia and Isle Rouse, back by way of Nice, and overnight on an express to Paris, all for $75. True, we made not a few meals simple, of bread and cheese and wine —though we did taste without surfeit of the special local dainties and the vin du pays—and we slept overnight on the boat on deck, but such things should be game for their sons and grandsons (and daughters and granddaughters!) of pioneers.

Music in the Garden

Grey was her hair, but the timbre of voice unbroken
Was sweet as the tones of her girlhood.
Softly her fingers played over the keys of ivory,
Touched them and drew the melodies,
Memories of younger, not happier, days recalling.
Tasseled and shaded shone the lamp, soft as the colors
Tinting the shells of the seashore, and candles
Sheltered in glass, etched and figured, burned on the mantel.
Framed by the lacy draping of curtains, the window unshuttered
Welcomed the winds of the west gently to carry
True on their tides of the perfume stolen from flowers,
Notes that were sweetest of sounds to me. There in the garden
Where nightly the jasmine its petals uncloses,
Where pale in the moonlight were blossoms
Red and of yellow and blue, magenta and purple,
Sisters in shadows and scents, to dream and to linger
Soothed by the songs that the years made the dearer
Was pleasure unfathomed, unmeasured.

JOHN GILLAND BRUNINI.

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FASHIONS IN SAINTS

By ALAN DRADY

"YOU will perceive, no doubt, that this is written on the eve of George Washington's birthday," is the opening line of a letter I received some weeks ago from a friend who is one of those "show me," agnostic persons. Further: "What saint's day it is I know not, but your familiarity with the Roman calendar will no doubt supply that datum."

A gently ironic jibe, that last, at a familiarity which is wofully deficient, and an agnostic's almost offensive reference to the habit, or foible, of some of us who are pleased to superscribe "Ash Wednesday," "Maundy Thursday," "Feast of Saint Francis de Sales," and other religiously-derived calendrics on our personal correspondence with, say, agnostics—in order to show them plainly that, friends though they be, we are quite out of sympathy with their agnosticism. Then and there I determined that not an occasional letter but all my correspondence with that gentleman would depart from me flying at the masthead the banner of the appropriate saint or feast. I *am* queer that way about my agnostic friends. A sincere Socialist, now, or an avowed atheist, or even a belligerent Bolshevik, I can see and hear and remain cold, but an agnostic. . . . Well, before replying to his letter, I went a-seeking a Roman calendar. Not such a one as we use daily—the familiar chart of months and numbers and vivisected moons which comes to us yearly with the highly lithographed compliments of this or that bakery, garage, tire manufacturer or bank, and concerning which one faintly recalls tales of Roman (and even Catholic) origin; but one of those lesser known lists of dates, with their corresponding saints and important liturgical events. The best I could find (and it is quite good enough for all practical purposes, and even for such an impractical purpose as the writing of this article!) was a Roman calendar, as amended for their own use by the order of Carmel; the main difference between the two being, one reasons, that more saints of Carmel appear on the latter—otherwise they are very likely identical. Even if they are not, the Carmelite variation will serve.

Upon consulting the list for the name of the saint on whose day I was replying to the letter—and softly, of course, to the jibes—aforementioned, I found that it belonged, all twenty-four hours of it, to Saint Matthias, Apostle. And there was I! Saint Matthias, Apostle. I, a Catholic, recalled not a fact, not a legend, not even a pious story concerning Saint Matthias. He had been an estimable person, surely, to bear the dual title of Saint and Apostle, even now, long years, long centuries, after being called to his reward. Outside of that, I—and my natural shame of my lamentable ignorance was tempered by the well-grounded supposition that I was certainly not alone in my lack—knew nothing of the good Matthias, Saint and Apostle. Before writing "Feast of Saint Matthias, Apostle" on the top of the intended letter, then, that I find out just who he is and had been on earth was both seemly and wise. A Butler's Compendium supplied the information—why, certainly!—the man appointed, by divine guidance, to the place of the pitiable suicide, Judas Iscariot, who might have been a saint.

That should have been an end to the thing, but the calendar and the Compendium, once consulted, were intriguing. Skipping through them, one is startled at the number of saints of whom one knows nothing, and startled also at the realization that those listed are but a scant handful compared to the numbers listed in the martyrology, a book of heroes known to very few beside our seminarians, who absorb bits of martyrology along with bread and meat at meal-times. There, and in the calendar too, one finds Polycarp, who was both a bishop and a martyr; Raymond of Pennafort, who was a confessor; Mathilda, a widow, and Juliania of Falconieri, a virgin; Linus, who was a Pope, and Peter Chrysologus, triply-honored as bishop, confessor and doctor; Matthias, he who had been made twelfth of the Twelve, after the Master had gone; and these are but a scratching of the surface, chosen with a vague gesture toward their hitherto unfamiliarity to the writer, and present nonenity to, no doubt, many, many others.

One wonders about these ecclesiastical heroes of an ancient time. How fortunate they must consider themselves to be undisturbed in their eternal business by the importunings of feeble mortals, inhabitants of a flesh and sphere cast aside by these blessed as an outmoded garment and an untenable dwelling ages ago. What would be the effect should one direct a prayer to any of these, long gone from here?

"Polycarp, here is a prayer begging your intercession in such-and-such a situation," that martyred bishop might be told by Him Who, the catechism says, "makes our prayers known to them."

"For me, Lord?" Polycarp might reply, in tones of extreme surprise, "For me? Why, men have long since forgotten me, Lord. I have, on earth, a comfortable niche in that place where the hierarchy stores its saints, and am recalled on rare occasions, and vaguely, by priests. To a few I am still a name, and to a few others a distorted and fanciful personage in certain histories, but the majority of mankind either never knew or have completely forgotten Polycarp, Lord, and I am well pleased that things are as they are."

"No—for here is the prayer, Polycarp," he might be told further, "Now do you see what can be done

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about it, for certainly you have been long gone from mortality, and that someone has disinterred you from a calendar, or a martyrology, to direct a prayer toward, is surely a fact very deserving of consideration."

One is saddened a trifle by the thought that one's favorites in heaven are doomed—or blessed—to meet some day the same fate at earthly hands. Will the influence, the positive, gladdening influence, of, for instance, the Little Flower, be yet experienced 2,000 years hence? Or will she have been recalled to heaven to share fully in the rewards of Love, forgotten, needed no longer by a race busy with the beseeching of saints of their own time and manners? Will Anthony of Padua, Francis of Sales and he of Assisi, Rita, John of the Cross, and all others to whom men pray in these times, some day be merely names opposite a date, as far as men are concerned? In a style-ridden world, is there a fashion in saints?

Possibly. Certainly to the saints themselves it matters not a whit. In the light of eternity, perhaps, it should matter to no one, so long as mankind has its saints to shoulder mankind's burdens and plead mankind's causes before the throne of God. There *is* the Litany of the Saints, the calendar, the compendiums and the martyrology. Still . . . sanctity, for its very rarity, is deserving of more than it receives in the minds of men.

Today, the day on which this is being set down, one Casimir, a confessor, is listed on my Carmelite calendar. He is thus being remembered today by at least his fellow-priests of the Church, who, in reading their breviaries, will pray with hearts, or lips, or both, to God, in honor of the heroic virtues of Saint Casimir, confessor. Twenty centuries hence, should finis not yet be written to the story of man on earth, priests will pray the same prayer, mayhap, and Casimir will be well content to be forgotten entirely for the other 364 earthly days each year. He alone, perhaps, of the millions who trod the green plains and climbed the steep mountain-sides, who gazed at the stars from those wind-blown heights, and, being mortal, shortly abandoned the stars to their twinkling, and fled from the chill of the breeze, who bartered and sold, lived, loved and died, in the dim era when Casimir was about his shriving of sinners and other priestly duties, is remembered at all.

Is there a better fate on earth for a man than that he be called bishop and confessor, or saint and apostle, and be remembered in the prayers of priests for all time, if only for a moment, one day a year? For the bartering and selling, the living and loving—yes, even the green plains and steep mountain-sides, the winds and the stars—pass with the swift suddenness of a shadow with the coming of night, and all that remains of the sentience that was a man is what is in the minds of those of his kind who love and live after him on earth—and his own vastly better part, in a vastly better land.

FOCH OF THE PYRENEES

By FRANCIS JAMMES

THE news reached us in a little telegraph station, on Sunday at noon. It seemed, as it came, very like one of those small eagles one sometimes glimpses on the mountain of Hasparren, pursuing their airy routes among the cliffs of the Aldudes, the Tardets and Garralda. . . .

Vibrant and desolate, with wings powdered by the snows of spring, it now swung low above my roof, and then soared deep into the spaces around Adour.

Sinking its talons into a garland of oak leaves which it carried, the eaglet whispered to infinity the name of—Someone. And as they listened to its flight above the farms, old men and their wives who had lost dearly loved sons in the ghastly conflict, and the women who had conceived life for the life of France, and all the little children, understood that a marching order has been given in the universe beyond and bowed their heads beneath an invisible and heart-breaking swiftness.

The eaglet hastened with such force that the very land seemed to disappear below. It flew on toward Bayonne, and as it was poised above the rocks in the glittering Nive, it crowned them with flakes of snow which, in that blue sparkling like the blade of a sword, seemed even as apple bloom.

Proudly it pointed its beak toward the frontier, and the whirr of its wings at that height mated the distant rumbling of Biscay Bay. It saluted the tomb of the brothers of Elbée. The rhythm of its flight—a rhythm so august that only the soul could overhear—grew swifter as it turned to the east. At Bidassoa it saluted Sancho of Gramont; and, for all that it was far from the Soule, it swept on in a circuit that seemed the movement of an army and looked upon the grave of Clement of Andurain. It passed above Orthez, and the ashes of my dead young friends were stirred. It paused over Pau, where the smile of the Bernadacs and their companions in arms is eternal. Then it fluttered past Betharram, and with lordly speed, clinging firmly to the golden wreath in its clutches, swooped down with widespread wings before the Virgin of Lourdes. Desperately it called to—Someone.

She who is gentle and immaculate looked at the weeping eagle. And in speech having ineffable cadence, the language of eternal silence, she said:

"Be quiet, beautiful bird, to whom my Son has given the glance which vanquishes the sun, and regal wings, and the heart which beats so strong—so that today you may go to the Arch of Triumph in the city of Valentine, to tell all men that Foch is dead.

"He came from this valley which I love, where Bernadette was born—from the flank of this kingly range of hills which are of snow, of shadows and of azure.

"Eagle, praise you the Lord! Praise also, eagle, the child of these prairies round about Tarbes, which even yet hear the neighing of the horses of a just victory!

"While you flutter before me, messenger clad with a majestic urge, the body of a just man is in the care of watchers who are humble and bear patiently the Saviour's name.

"Neither he nor his have care for the vanity of pomp. He but follows the example of his Lord in a sacred festival of palms. Like Him he gathers up the laurels of a people. And the simpleness of his life has followed him into peace.

"Only the storm of the crowd, the crunching of wheels, are heard. The flag itself shall be silent in the wind, even as are the mantles of widowhood.

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"Foch is indeed great among the great. But his was also humility among the humble ones whom he loved. The kingdom of heaven, therefore, is for those like unto him.

"While the vast republic and distant empires acclaim him, I go remembering him as a little child, simple of speech and faith, with the place marked carefully in his missal and his coat neatly buttoned, walking quietly across the land which he saved."

And then the eaglet, restless still, bowed its head and placed the wreath it had borne at the Virgin's feet. . . .

"WHITE DOVE OF THE DESERT"

By CHRISTINE TURNER CURTIS

UNDER the blistering sun on the parched Arizona plateau she spreads her snow-white wings, San Xavier del Bac, the mission church of Tucson. Blazing white under blazing blue she crouches on the waterless plain, thrust up into the very disc of the sun, between lumped mountains, imperturbable and aloof among dry gardens of cacti, dust-covered and grisly. Past the mud huts of Indians we rattle to the mission gate where the padre sits sunning himself in that fierce brilliance. Inside the wall one is immediately struck with the opulence, the intricacy of the "fachada," sand-colored between the piercingly white towers with their iron balconies and prickly-topped summits. For here, in striking contrast to the simplicity of the California missions, a profuse Latinized, Romanesque fancy runs riot: scroll and carved ornament, elaborate figure and device—a wealth of old-world decoration facing the new world of desert.

And that unbelievable altar—all the worn old browns in the scale, with an underlay of glimmering gold—saints in niches with pale, long, delicate, Spanish faces, and ecstatically uplifted black eyes, designs with rabbits, serpents, symbolic intaglio, rich mosaics of painting, and everywhere the beautiful scallop-shell of Saint James, favorite emblem of the Guiona brothers, architects, under whose direction the church was built. And looking back, down the length of the nave, one's eyes leap aloft to the great sea-shells of the ceiling between the noble swoops of arch, discolored, the padre tells us, by colonies of bats during the secularization, but exquisitely patterned below in swimming lines of copper-green, blue and a mellow, buff-lightened rose.

And as one passes again into the glare and paces the walk to the small mortuary chapel in the arid close, with stations of the cross set medallion-like in red sandstone in the walls, one is thrown into a profound abstraction, meditating on that miracle of human imagination which was able to bring to a flowering in this waste land the rich blossom of old-world art: the type of mind that resided in those early Spanish visionaries who so burningly adored the graceful and the elegant that they could bend to their will the stolid Indian workmen, could mollify their stark and angular idiom and melt and conform it to the lacy, the intertwined, the suave—and so spirit from the desert this mighty burgeoning of curve and color, those pure inspired scallops, those moving concavities and crescendoes.

And then one climbs the scorching, calcium-white towers and looks thoughtfully out upon the baked plateau, the round, oven-like houses of the Indians, the brown mountains and the pearly, treacherous contortions of the "cholla," and one reflects, not without a twinge of dismay, on that bygone mating of artistic and religious passion, wondering if our earth shall ever see its like again.

COMMUNICATIONS

DANIEL AMONG THE LIONS

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—In your issue of April 3 there is an article entitled Daniel among the Lions, referring to the recent controversy between Mr. John Macrae, of E. P. Dutton and Company, and the book clubs.

We notice that the editor of The Commonweal, Mr. Michael Williams, is on the selecting board of the Catholic Book Club, and that there is an advertisement of that club on the back page of the same issue. From this fact, are we correct in assuming The Commonweal endorses the activities of that book club? If so, we do not see how it can then logically object to the operations of our own and other clubs, because certainly the Catholic Book Club (though within a circumscribed field) performs the same function as we do.

This is only one reason why we feel that your article is somewhat unfair. We also feel that its general conclusions, wherein the cultural effects of the book clubs are emphatically aspersed, are incorrect—doubtless because they are based on incomplete information. But to debate fully—and we admit that some of the points are at least debatable—the whole subject of the effect of the book clubs upon author, publisher, book-seller and reader, would take more space than we could hope to be given in your column.

Some of the statements in your article, however, are definite enough to necessitate specific correction, and we hope that, in justice to all concerned, you will print our comments upon them.

You say that "it seemed to Mr. Macrae that his find [The Pathway] was of a quality decidedly superior to what was then [The Cradle of the Deep] being dispatched to more than a half a hundred thousand mortals, eager to read the book they had been told was best."

The facts are that, in the February Book-of-the-Month Club News, which gave the advance description of the book enabling subscribers to decide whether or not they wanted it, the following appears: "Several of them [referring to members of our Selecting Committee] felt that while the book was interesting and that our subscribers would not want to miss it, it was not either in its writing or its subject-matter equal in literary importance to the books recently sent out. . . . In other words, they hesitated to have their choice regarded as a guarantee of literary quality."

Can it be fairly said that in the above description we told subscribers the book was the "best"? And as to the comparative suitability of Mr. Macrae's book, is it not appropriate to inquire the reason why Mr. Macrae's own widely-advertised Editorial Board did not choose The Pathway as his own equally widely-advertised Dutton Book of the Month?

You say, further on, that Dr. Canby, chairman of our Selecting Committee, "sent an epistle to the New York Times . . . in which he asserted that the monthly choice was not 'the' book of the hour, but simply a volume likely to suit 100,000 persons." What Dr. Canby actually did write was this:

". . . Literary merit can never be the sole question in such a decision. A metaphysical poem, admirable but excessively difficult, may have more sheer literary merit than the best novel of the year, but Mr. Macrae would probably not offer that as a book of the month, even if it were his own publication, to 100,000 readers."

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In view of the above, your interpretation of Dr. Canby's words seems again not to be fair.

Elsewhere, referring to the Book-of-the-Month Club's selecting system, you state that "the most that anybody could expect was that after the preliminary choice [of books] had been made by those responsible for keeping the concern going, the illustrious supreme court would see whether they could approve."

We do not believe that in this statement you intended to slander this organization; yet the words might justify such a conclusion. For if your insinuations were true—that a limited number of books only, culled out for considerations of popularity or profit by the Club's business management, from among all those submitted, are passed on to our Committee for voting—our Committee and we could indeed be accused rightfully of a most dishonest form of trickery. The fact is, of course, that there is not the slightest ground for such a suggestion. Our system of choosing is described fully in our catalogue, enclosed. All books submitted to us are sent along to an Elimination Committee, directly under Dr. Canby's control and supervision, and such of them as are considered worthy are then passed along to all the members of the Selecting Committee. The business management, as has been publicly stated, has nothing to do with the choice of books.

We invite you to inform yourself fully on this and any other points in which you may be interested, either from publishers or from an examination of our files (which are open to you) and we then trust you will go on record publicly in regard to your findings.

ROBERT K. HAAS,
President, Book-of-the-Month Club, Incorporated.

(We are glad to print Mr. Haas's letter, but feel that certain marginal annotations are necessary. The purpose of the editorial in question was not to express a blanket endorsement of Mr. Macrae, or to cast aspersions upon the business methods of the Book-of-the-Month Club. We wanted only to voice a few reflections upon the general relations between books and civilization in the United States, in so far as these are involved in the methods of the Club. The following remarks may clarify our attitude:

1. Regardless of all modifications which have lately crept into its advertising copy, the Club has been "sold" by the assurance that (a) it was no longer necessary to choose one's own reading, because (b) here were five illustrious judges who (c) supported by a faultless system of preliminary reading presided over by Dr. Canby, can (d) tell everybody what is best in the recent literary output.

2. Our conviction is that this method is not commendable for three simple reasons. First, letting yourself be railroaded into a course of reading is a disastrous intellectual habit, especially since the mentality of each and every club has revealed itself as stereotyped. Second, it is impossible in practice to tell which book is "best," because no five judges can possibly read all the books issued unless they do nothing else, and because (as was clearly admitted by Dr. Canby's letter to the Times) no book can be "best" for all people. We maintain that the clear import of that letter was a confession that certain kinds of books were taboo with the Club because they could not be sold to 100,000 people. If this is correct, our inference is also correct. Third, the system is very bad for American criticism. Mr. Haas draws for us a picture of an Elimination Committee presided over by Dr. Canby. He does not seem aware of how calamitous all this is. Dr. Canby's work for American letters has been earnest and, on the whole, beneficial. But to think of him pacing up and down surveying the tasks of the Committee seems to us very pathetic and very symbolic—particularly when the child that is finally born of all the effort is The Cradle of the Deep! It may be wrong to say that "for a handful of silver he left us"; but we shall stick no ribbons in his coat!

3. Now let us hasten to the Catholic Book-of-the-Month Club. Few people have ever believed that this presents anything like an ideal solution for the difficulties confronting Catholic letters in the United States. It was formed simply in order to do what one could to prevent Catholic expression from being completely swamped by the new sales methods. It has been conducted at great cost of time, energy and money, primarily because Catholic critics could not approve the selections of the dominant clubs. We do not believe that Mr. Haas looks upon it as a dangerous or any other kind of rival. We sincerely wish he did!—The Editors.)

SCIENCE VERSUS THE MUSICIAN

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—Your editorial remarks in the issue of April 17 concerning the introduction by Mr. Hammerstein of synchronization devices in order to relieve himself of the burden of union musicians moves me to write.

Is it not true that union labor, so-called, exacts its relatively high wages from employers at the expense of the unorganized community? Most of us are not members of labor unions, but the price of all that we buy which is in any way handled or made by union labor is thereby enhanced to our detriment. The building trades are an especial example of this. Many are their restrictive regulations and arbitrary and oppressive, and they all mean greater rents and costs for householders.

It therefore seems to me that by virtue of organization they profit at the expense of the unorganized. However, if all were organized and wages generally raised to the union labor level, their advantage would disappear, and because of generally enhanced costs our dollar would buy no more than it does today. To be logical and hold their advantage, the union laborites would then be compelled to exact a higher wage, relatively, than all else.

Thoreau's dictum that the only victory exists where no one is defeated would seem to hold true. We must all have access to the bounty of the earth in an untrammeled manner; we must be freed from labor monopolists as well as all the others. Love can find the way, but nought else.

Meanwhile, let us cease lauding union labor as a great and beneficent thing and call it by its true name, i. e., special privilege. The picture is not, of course, as simple as this and meliorations may be pointed out. That, however, is true of most abuses.

W. J. H.

MR. MARSHALL ON DR. RYAN'S VIEWS

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—Some of your readers have communicated to me their impression that I am the anonymous "lawyer" referred to by the Reverend John A. Ryan in his letter in your issue of April 29.

Permit me space to assure your readers that the impression referred to is erroneous. The statements attributed by Dr. Ryan to the anonymous "lawyer" are, in my opinion, quite as inaccurate as Dr. Ryan declares them to be.

CHARLES C. MARSHALL.

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CHEAP TRUTH NEEDED

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—In the April 17 issue of The Commonweal, Mr. Arthur Kenedy, Vice-President of P. J. Kenedy and Sons, writes in repudiation of M. J. B.'s communication to The Commonweal of February 27 wherein it was intimated that Barclay Street is somewhat at fault for the seemingly exorbitant prices of Catholic books. I feel urged through a motive free from the slightest partiality in either direction, to cite a few instances of my experience in the purchasing of books for journalistic purposes and private collection.

In the first place, it is an undisputed fact that Catholic books are not obtainable at any kind of book stores. Book stores that are non-sectarian seldom, if ever, are able to fill the requirements of a purchaser of Catholic books. The reason given is that, owing to the comparatively small demand for such books, it is inadvisable to stock up with them for fear of their becoming "dead stock." These dealers are not so especially eager to order Catholic books for a purchaser, and if they do forward a special order, the purchaser will be told that there is a carrying charge, if the books are to be sent, and in addition will suffer a prolonged delay.

In purchasing books at a non-sectarian book store, the purchaser, if he buys more than one book, is sometimes offered a slight discount in price on his purchase. Not so, of course, when purchasing Catholic books.

Book stores on Barclay Street are the same as those elsewhere so far as transactions are concerned. Besides being assured of obtaining a Catholic book on any subject, the Catholic book purchaser often receives a discount on his purchase, if the purchase is made up of more than one book, or if it is intended for church, school or mission purposes. Personally, I have purchased books on Barclay Street, and particularly from P. J. Kenedy and Sons (this is not, of course, voicing a preference for a particular Catholic book store) and have yet to pay a price for a Catholic book more than that printed on the book by the publisher.

STEPHEN J. PALICKAR,
American Newspaper Publishers Association.

LET THE QUESTION BE DISCUSSED

Pittsburgh, Pa.

TO the Editor:—It appears timely to ask what is the matter with the discussion of prohibition. The Commonweal can be credited with action on the subject, as rarely does an issue come from the press without some unfavorable comment on this law which has been written into the constitution of our republic, the most progressive one of all times. Only in a small way is this situation contrasted by an occasional letter in different strain from a correspondent in the Communications column.

This big question of wet or dry, the discussion of which has prevailed for so many years with such profound effect upon the nation; upon which Catholics may differ as completely as their neighbors; and which offers so much interesting debate in other periodicals, has never in the Catholic press advanced untrammeled into a broad, open discussion where it could draw from all opinion.

It would seem that an incessant verbal opposition against an unheard adversary might be effective without being prudent. The constant presentation of the views of one side on an open question may not blunt the wit of an observing reader, but it is hardly sufficient for those who would look for all that can be said in behalf of all sides of a public problem calling for an answer.

Speaking generally, perhaps a wholesome discussion would consider only the merits of the question itself. As it is, antagonists are so busy counting the hypocrites of the other persuasion that they can get no further. At any rate, the word hypocrite used as an appellation seems overworked. In a world of sinners its use need not be invoked so commonly. On the contrary, it would be productive of good if invective and rancor could be pried loose from the general liquor discussion of the day. Example, as always, must lead the way. Truth will not suffer by a more restrained speech than that which marks much of the discussion spread before the eyes of the reader of the press who must read what he sees or nothing else.

The Commonweal has made a good start toward a beneficial general discussion. Its Communications column, in its own peculiar way, is a feature deserving of much praise. Dr. Ryan has recently given a forceful explanation of his striking views, and next in order would be the presentation of the opposite stand on the question secured by The Commonweal for its readers, written by some eminent Catholic or non-Catholic—for the faith of the writer does not enter, as the liquor problem is a political and social problem.

CHARLES J. BYRNES.

WHAT'S THE NEXT WORD?

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—Mr. Masson in his well-motivated article, What's the Next Word?, has made a timely contribution to a long-felt need. Our fashions, our foods and even our fads, are now chosen for us well beforehand, relieving us of the delay and worry of choice. Messrs. Ford, Childs, Automat, Everyheimer, Searsroebuck and many others come to mind as outstanding benefactors to harassed choosers. Mr. Masson has entered upon a narrower but no less useful field, where the gleaners are Messrs. Wilstach, O'Brien and Braithwaite. What they are doing for similes, short stories and poems, he will do for words.

Why not form a Word-of-the-Year Club? Publishers of dictionaries would no doubt be prepared to give 100 percent discount and pay carriage for the Club. If 1,000,000 readers will buy history which is not history, and travel which is not travel, and biography which is not biography, they will, will they not, take hand-picked words, not for shelf or showy table, but for constant, everyday use? Absolutely! I should like to propose as judges in the Word-of-the-Year Club, after its illustrious founder, Mr. Webster, Mr. Roget, Mr. Oxford New, Mr. Standard and Mr. Century. Inhabitants of the world, including Scandinavia, will submit to the judges their favorite words. The one whose word is chosen will receive a copy of Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's On the Art of Writing, which has a chapter on Jargon. You have sensed, Mr. Masson, something of paramount importance and have set it before us in colorful style. My choice for the judges is "sensed" with "colorful" and "paramount" as substitutes for subscribers to the Club who may long since have sensed all that is sensible or supersensible.

RICHARD L. O'BRIEN.

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THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

The Sea-Gull

IF YOU want an excellent illustration of the relatively small importance of elaborate production in creating successful illusion in the theatre, you will find such an illustration in the current production of Chekov's The Sea-Gull. The players presenting it under the modest title of "a co-operative company," have elected, presumably for economy's sake, to use only the drapes and hangings found as standard equipment in many houses, and to indicate the change of scene merely by arrangement of furniture and properties, and by the drawing together or parting of the hangings. The Actor Managers tried a similar experiment last year in special matinees of Lovers and Enemies, with marked success in making the audience forget the absence of formal scenery and become absorbed in the play itself.

The present company is rather better than that assembled for Lovers and Enemies. It prepared under the direction of Leo Bulgakov, and includes several actors of marked promise as well as others of proved ability and recognized standing. On the whole, the result ranks with the best in acting that more pretentious Broadway managers offer. The proof of this lies in the completeness of the illusion created in spite of the scenic handicaps. The play lays a firm hold upon you from the first and becomes, as it progresses, profoundly moving. It well deserves the enthusiastic endorsement it receives from the audience at the end. The whole enterprise, in fact, gives one heart about the vitality of the theatre. Considerable devotion and willingness to accept sacrifice are required from a group of actors who will undertake the arduous business of rehearsing a play of this character with no guarantee of compensation for their time. If Mr. Bulgakov's troupe can hang together and do more work of this calibre, they all deserve not only credit but ultimate success and a firm place in the New York theatre. It is almost needless to add that the intelligent play-goer will be acutely interested.

The Sea-Gull is rather hard to describe in terms of plot, chiefly because its primary interest lies in character and in the significant use of detail. It is a bit of life on a Russian country estate surveyed with all that rich, dark pity of which Chekov is capable, pity for aspiration unfulfilled, pity for impulses only half understood, pity for the twilight because it must give way to night, and pity for the cool dawn because it must soon melt under a burning noon. Like so much of his writing, and like so much of the work of the general Russian school it represents, The Sea-Gull lacks the accented note of resurrection necessary to give it completion and full universality. To this extent the charge of morbidity would be justified, as it so often is in literature, not by the mere presence of introspection or unhappiness but by the essential lack of that balance to be found in all nature. I have just mentioned pity for the twilight and the dawn because those figures of speech help to illustrate this point. If we could set a term to nature—that is, if we knew that a particular dawn was the last dawn of the world, or a particular twilight was the last twilight—we might indeed pity both moments as moods about to perish. But in the recurrent cycle of the day, we know that tomorrow's dawn may be even more enthralling than today's, and that twilight, sinking into the assuaging depth of night is the symbol of rest before new creation.

Chekov seems to regard (or at least many of his characters regard) the thwarting tribulations of life as finalities from which there is no escape. The creative and regenerating force of suffering seems to be almost lost. For this reason, you find the young writer in The Sea-Gull shooting himself at the very last. On the other hand, to do Chekov justice, little Nina (the Sea-Gull) who has had to experience many of the severest trials in her effort to become an actress, including the loss of both lover and child, is able to go on, and with a certain radiance, because she has faith and has discovered, too, the exultation of creative work. She stands for the one small star of resurrection in the night of sorrow and despair. The mere fact that Chekov uses her in this fashion indicates his own understanding of richer depths in suffering, and that he is not totally devoid of a sense of eternal re-creation. Yet the prevailing mood, the mood indicated by a hundred little touches of character or irony, is on the side of exaggerated compassion and of that slow mental disease which we call self-pity.

This tendency, and this alone, prevents The Sea-Gull from being what it might easily have been—as complete and engrossing a study of human conflict as you are apt to find in the near-classic theatre. Although completely unlike Street Scene in every detail of setting and plot, it is none the less a play on the same order, picking up a dozen strands of individual existence and weaving them into a strangely compelling unity. There is the young writer, seeking new forms, intolerant of misunderstanding, and discovering only bit by bit that the deliberate search for newness may be as unreal as the conventions of older forms. There is the writer who has "arrived," and is still unable to call his soul his own because every impulse leads him to writing rather than to action and to reality. There is the steward's daughter, in love with the young writer, who marries a poor schoolmaster and treats him abominably because her only real love is not reciprocated. There is the doctor who has become the urbane philosopher because he has lived to the hilt, and the old man who envies the doctor and still hopes to live completely.

And dominating all of the characters in this crowded play, we have the actress-mother of the young writer, with her jealousies and petty vanities, her futile and destructive love, whether for son or lover, and her complete obliviousness to all the heartaches of those around her. The Sea-Gull herself is a young girl who has always lived on the border of the lake and whose life is influenced by the converging lives, loves, hopes and struggles of those gathered on the estate. Even minor characters are given that fulness which sets them off as individuals, and helps to create, minute by minute, the illusion that you are really seeing to the core of humanity through this strange isolated group.

The part of the young writer is played with intensity and understanding by Lewis Leverett. E. J. Ballantine, as the old owner of the estate, shows the result of fine coaching by Mr. Bulgakov. Walter Abel is not quite so monotonous as usual as the older writer. The three women, Barbara Bulgakov as the Sea-Gull, Dorothy Yockel as the unhappy daughter of the steward, and Helen Freeman as the dominating actress-mother, give performances of the highest calibre. All in all, this production, in its modest way, is a real and distinct achievement. (At the Comedy Theatre.)

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The Love Duel

IF MISS BARRYMORE objects to the repeated tributes which certain critics pay to her personality, as distinct from her acting, then it would be a fortunate day for her when she no longer chose a play such as The Love Duel (adapted by Zoe Akins from the original of Lili Hatvany) in which only her own charm and beauty can possibly lend substance to the most preposterous situations and the most absurd artificialities of plot, situation and character.

We are asked to believe that a woman of the world, and of many past affairs, meeting a man who has left a trail of unhappy ladies behind him, will seriously agree to conduct a love duel in which the heart of one or the other shall be the stake; that they will go off together with the deliberate purpose of maintaining union without affection; that this woman of the world will not only lose her heart in the process but discover to her great astonishment that she is to become a mother; and that it will all end happily in a Swiss chalet strewn with baby clothes. Above all, we are asked to believe that if all this could happen to the curiously unreal puppets of Lili Hatvany, it has enough importance to justify a play on the subject.

Miss Barrymore is just enough of a person in herself to make you reasonably interested in what happens to her, and Louis Calhern has improved enough in his work to make his part of the concoction acceptable. But whatever value the play holds is certainly not due to the characters created by the author and exists in spite of them.

The Love Duel is unquestionably a waste of Miss Barrymore's time and talent, as I imagine she will soon learn from the box-office reports. It is a far, far cry from the many beautiful moments in The Kingdom of God, even though that play, considered purely as drama, had many shortcomings. (At the Ethel Barrymore Theatre.)

Speaking of Talkies

THE time is not yet when talkies can take the place of the stage. But progress always merits attention, and it is certain that in one respect at least the pioneers in the new medium have done well. They have not yet perfected the mechanics of dialogue to the point where it carries a satisfactory illusion, but what they have done is to perfect the technique of sound accompaniment to an extent that greatly enriches the sense of life.

I had occasion recently to see The Divine Lady—for the most part a silent film. It deals, of course, with the attachment of Nelson for Lady Hamilton, and brings in the naval battles of the Nile and of Trafalgar. In the old days, the matter of reproducing the turmoil of battle would have been left entirely to the local orchestra and back-stage experts of the exhibiting house. But in the new medium, we have the full resonance of the cannonading, the shouting of the sailors, the clashing of arms and the trumpets of victory, all as integral parts of the film, and capable of reproduction in the farthest reaches of the country. I confess to being quite carried away by the sheer accord of sight and sound. Nothing like it would have been possible two years ago. It is only one more evidence that the value of the movies, as entertainment, depends largely on the accuracy with which subject-matter is adapted to the medium. There is a vast field—above all in history—in which the movies can create illusion far more perfectly than the limited stage. But I still need proof that mechanical device can, in a dialogue play, carry even half the force of human beings speaking to you across the magic of the footlights.

BOOKS

The Queen of Lisieux

Sainte Thérèse of Lisieux, by Lucie Delarue-Mardrus; translated by Helen Younger Chase, with an introduction by Michael Williams. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $2.00.

LEAVING the greatest of all things, faith, aside, the short sojourn on this earth of Saint Thérèse of Lisieux is the most curious phenomenon known to modern psychology. As an inevitable part of that phenomenon her life has been written, and in vigorous, authoritative yet flowing prose, by one who calls herself an unbeliever. While Lucie Delarue-Mardrus says quite frankly "non credo," in our Catholic sense, she writes with a high solemnity, with a contagious enthusiasm, with a sense of awe, even, of her compatriot, her neighbor, Saint Thérèse.

Though there was nothing new concerning her earthly life to be related of the Little Flower, there was a new attitude to be taken. Madame Delarue-Mardrus's frank dealing with the material and materialized side of Lisieux seems like a cool, fresh wind suddenly blowing through an atmosphere heavy with the odors of commercialism. Indeed the commercialism that has grown up, strong-smelling and weedy, around the Little Flower without suffocating her is part of the miracle of her earthly appearance. It will gratify many a believer to have had an unbeliever perform the all-too-delicate task of tearing away those weeds—only to find the Little Flower giving out a greater fragrance.

Michael Williams has written a most felicitous preface, perfectly balancing Madame Delarue-Mardrus's book. Though they start at the extremes of faith and incredulity, they meet in the end to hang an ex-voto at Saint Thérèse's shrine.

Among the millions, nay billions of printed words concerning the saint of Lisieux—a large part unhappily devoted to demands for money, for which the Little Flower herself had no thought nor care—this sharply-cut, entirely objective book about a Norman saint by a Norman agnostic is but the more convincing. Delivered of her friends the Little Flower is fully competent to handle her enemies—or, to be more exact, those of little faith. Enemies she has none.

"Who is this bride of fifteen?" Madame Delarue-Mardrus asks, "robed in white velvet, swan's-down and point d'Alençon, this young girl lily-crowned, with her long, fair hair rippling over her shoulders. And this little victim in her sombre dress, an offering to the Most High, who, while her family weep, presents herself to the Bridegroom of heaven—what can we say of her or rather of her soul? . . . What was to become of this fragile creature in the fiery furnace of Carmel?" Both time and eternity have now answered her. The first darkly; for Madame Delarue-Mardrus's impassioned and uplifting hymn to the cathedral of Chartres could not have been inspired by that of Lisieux. Rather it is a De Profundis that she intones. "Our French Saint Thérèse is in an ornamental glass case, lying life-size on a sort of pale blue divan; her pose is theatrical, her right hand extended holding a rose. . . . Her robe is of brown velvet and gold lace, her white mantle is studded with gems. Clusters of electric lights shine on this effigy which resembles a large new doll. . . . At Lisieux one feels that one is at the theatre quite as much as at church. A frenzy of false elegance seems to have seized those who gave themselves the task of glorifying the humble little Martin girl. No vestige of taste redeems the sorry bazaar heaped

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over her bones." Further she informs us that though we may not burn a candle at her shrine we may give a franc—or many francs—and have an electric bulb or bulbs turned on accordingly.

This and much more Madame Delarue-Mardrus tells us, the knife vigorously in hand, of the externals of Lisieux. But she is very, very sensitive, even awestruck, no expression of praise is too exaggerated, when she speaks of the saint herself. "When I use in connection with her the word genius, which applies equally to the sacred and to the profane, I may seem to be lowering the sacred glory of Thérèse of Lisieux and placing her on the level of the great minds of the world, forgetting her holy mission; I call the Unknown to witness that such is not my intention!" Madame Delarue-Mardrus might as well have cried out, "Thou hast conquered, Thérèse!"

EDITH O'SHAUGHNESSY.

Art in the Nineties

A Pot of Paint, by John Rothenstein. New York: Covici-Friede, Incorporated. $3.50.

THE author of A Pot of Paint has given us a most engaging volume. He comes from a family long prominent in English art, and he is a nephew of Sir William Orpen, one of the greatest living portrait painters. Early forsaking Anglicanism for the Catholic faith, Rothenstein had for his father in God no less a personage than the celebrated Eric Gill, who has immeasurably enriched the treasures of ecclesiastical art. The author is at present in America where he holds the chair of Professor of the History of Art in the University of Pittsburgh.

His major thesis is to set forth the currents in the art world of England in the 1890's. It is a profound philosophic inquiry and a penetrating and illuminating analysis into the nature of the artistic product of that brief but interesting period, showing the background and the tendency of the aesthetic revolt at the close of the last century. In the development of his theme the author examines with a rhetoric both brilliant and convincing the essential characteristics of the artists who led the rebellion against the new colossus industrialism, and the ancient octopus classicism, then casting their hateful shadows across England and the world.

Before the Reformation the artist was a necessity, both religious and political. The Catholic religion was almost the exclusive subject for all art, and because the subject was understood by everyone, even the work of the most ordinary artist had a definite meaning for the people. In western Europe, first by the universal Catholic Church, then by national monarchy, and finally by oligarchic aristocracy, were artists kept in constant employment. But with the advent of the Reformation entirely secular subjects were substituted for the religious themes that had been the occupation of artists of every kind during previous centuries. Kings, princes, and the aristocracy with their more national, local and class horizons succeeded the Church as the patrons of art and artists. As a consequence art, instead of having a universal subject easily intelligible to all nations of Christendom and to all classes of society, lost most of its wide and universal range and sweep and tended to become narrow and exclusive.

When the industrial revolution first burst upon the world, the most competent artists soon found themselves without employment, for they had no patrons. Consequently they were left to their own moods and theories and conceits. No longer was there any control over the artist to keep him as a healthy social factor, and he swiftly became excluded from the main currents of modern civilization. Until the industrial revolution the mass of mankind had almost uniformly regarded man's instincts and passions as something to be disciplined and kept within reasonable restraints. But the new philosophers of the industrial age laid emphasis upon man's instincts and passions as the best possible means of attaining the general welfare of society, and they elevated the two greatest positive passions of the age, personal liberty and material progress, to the status of a religion. The new rulers of the world regarded artists and craftsmen of every kind as irrelevant. This flung the artist back upon himself, and he tended more and more to become his own master, the servant of his own whims and the recorder of his personal fancies. The artists of the 1890's endeavored to shatter the classic belief that art should depict only what is in itself obviously beautiful. At their hands, the relative importance of the object diminished, while that of the manner of its perception correspondingly increased.

Having set his stage, Professor Rothenstein proceeds in the second half of his volume to introduce his players, and he summons ten of the most important figures in the world of painting in the closing decade of the last century to pass in procession before us. Whistler and Beardsley, Greaves and Beerbohm, Steer and Conder, Sickert and Rothenstein, Ricketts and Shannon, are called each in turn, and their work is measured in the light of the principles he sets forth with such force and conviction in the first half of his remarkable essay.

These sparkling and informing biographical sketches give us much that is new, and all of them have a fresh point of view that grips our sustained interest. Professor Rothenstein treats with consummate skill, fine discrimination and unaccustomed eloquence a period important to both artist and historian.

THOMAS F. COAKLEY.

Older than Rome

The Etruscans, by David Randal-MacIver. Oxford: The Clarendon Press. $2.00.

LARS PORSENA of Clusium, like the pious Aeneas, the well-greaved Greeks, Catiline and others, seemed to schoolboys of my generation to have existed, if ever they did exist, chiefly to annoy budding youth. If we had been told the main facts which Mr. MacIver relates in his fascinating little book, Lars Porsena, at any rate, would have been an object of interest and not a nuisance who had to be learnt about.

But at that remote period little was known of the Etruscans, and what was surmised was highly speculative. Under the influence of the German historians then dominant, the story of Herodotus that they came to northern Italy from Lydia, where Croesus once was king, driven from their home by famine, was discredited. Now scholars have returned to the account of the father of history, and if it is not certain that the Etruscans came from Lydia itself, it is clear that they probably came from some part of Asia Minor or an adjacent island which was a centre of what the writer calls "near-Asiatic influence." When they arrived in Italy they found their part of the country occupied by a people whom we call today the Villanovans, from the name of one of their settlements. A race of scanty culture, they had in fact come down from the Alps, as the German writers supposed the Etruscans to have done. The latter were very considerably ahead of them in the scale of civilization. Their treatment of women alone shows this. It astounded the Greeks, as well it might,

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the ideas of that remarkable race as to their women being purely Mohammedan in anticipation.

Of course it was the Romans who really were made by the Etruscans. To them they owed their official religion, their Capitoline temple, their methods of augury by flight of birds and by the examination of the liver. From the Etruscans, too, came their types of soldiery, their musical instruments, especially the "lituus," or great trumpet, and the insignia of their magistrates, the curule chair, the fasces and the purple toga. But—and here is a significant fact—there is no connection between their languages. The Romans spoke a form of Aryan or Indo-European tongue. If, as seems probable, they were also an overseas importation, they brought with them a speech inherited from those who billowed out from the northern grasslands of nearer Asia. The Etruscans seem to have got theirs from emigrants from the southern grasslands of the same area. Their script we know; the meaning of their inscriptions we do not, nor ever shall, unless some Rosetta stone discovery gives us the key to the secret.

Why did they collapse? Probably because, like so many other Asiatic monarchies, they had no staying power. The Romans, who had not much else, had that. They would stick it out, as they did against Carthage for example. It was only when this power was weakened by luxury and the breakdown of the family—so characteristic a feature of real Rome—that they too collapsed.

This little book is admirably written in language calculated to draw the reader on, and is equally admirably illustrated.

BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE.

After Jacques Cartier

The Rise and Fall of New France, by George M. Wrong. New York: The Macmillan Company. $10.50.

NEW FRANCE is not entirely of the past. Absorbed by the British and the fellow-citizens of Jefferson, the lands over which the fleur de lis once fluttered have nevertheless retained a Gallic quality. The thousands of missionaries, explorers, governors and traders whom the kings after Henri IV dispatched to the wilderness were too masculine to leave an imprint which two or three centuries could efface. Go to New Orleans, to Duluth, to Montreal; and the air you breathe keeps something of the "grande siècle." Of this individuality Parkman was acutely conscious, and his books are the homage of historical genius to a great achievement. But he was still too close to the source materials to see the picture either precisely as it was or as a magnificent ensemble. The Parkman books are picture galleries, not something like a triptich.

One hesitates to declare that Professor Wrong's two generous volumes are all that might be wished. A little of "generous ardor," either of feeling or phrase, is missing in them. It is not the kind of narrative you and I would linger over until past midnight, and Parkman did make us linger and wait for a guilty realization that morning was at hand. Nevertheless the Wrong narrative is a supple, smooth, very firm literary unit. It traces the connection between one major fact and another with evident veracity; places the noble adventures of New France definitely in the current of new-world discovery and exploration; and sketches in the explanatory details from European and American history with a succinct grace that manifests real scholarship and careful writing. There is no book having anything like the same proportions which utilizes so many documents and coördinates such a host of facts. When

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the author is in controversial territory—for instance, the matter of the Acadian dispersion—he proceeds with a factual definiteness eminently pleasing.

Possibly the chief value of the work is its success in disentangling the relations between the French and the British. If this complex story does not quite come to life, it is made clear and understandable. On the other hand, I very much doubt that it incorporates adequate sympathetic understanding of the French. It would be incorrect to say that Professor Wrong is unfair to Catholics, or willing to minimize the achievements of their representatives. But one cannot well avoid doubting—if one is a Catholic—that numerous deft references to the failures and shortcomings of clerical groups spring entirely from motives of impartiality. For this reason (though not for it only) Professor Wrong's work may be termed good historical writing, but not yet the perfect narrative, so very desirable, of an imperial enterprise.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

Moslem Hills

The Lioness, by Ferdinand A. Ossendowski. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

THIS tale of the mores of Mohammedan highlanders of the High Atlas again shows the well-known Polish traveler's gift for throwing a dramatically glowing spotlight on trails he has already exploited. Reduced to its essentials, the story of Ras ben Hoggar—barring strictly Islamic backgrounds—is that of any mountaineer living under primitive conditions who offends against the stricter property law of the lowlands (here that of the French in Morocco) and is obliged to flee his native habitat as a result. Asisa, the Lioness, is the beautiful wife whom he is compelled to leave behind him. An Arab slave-dealer, who practises his illicit traffic for the benefit of the vicious in Constantinople, induces her to leave her mountain village by pretending to be a messenger from her husband. The unfortunate Asisa's tragic adventures in the Mohammedan underworld are not the least moving portion of the tale. The dramatic climax comes with Ras's discovery of the woman whom he loves and has tracked down, and the subsequent death of both in a night attack during Abd-el-Krim's struggle against the Spaniards.

The crasser actualities of existence in the Moroccan hills and the cities of the plain are strikingly opposed to the throbbing descriptions of Ras's despair over his separation from the woman he loves. Such is the on-the-spot character of the author's pictures: the tricks of the itinerant snake-charmer whose partner he becomes; the curious oriental day-by-day existence in a city like Marrajesh, crowded with all the races of North Africa; the raising of buried Carthaginian gold to aid Abd-el-Krim's holy war against Spain—that Mr. Ossendowski almost seems to be a Moslem himself, writing for the edification of other Moslems. One must discount the rich, exotic color of his tale to the extent of remembering that, no matter what glamour be read into the primitive's struggle for a "free" life based on a belief which furthers indulgence of his worst instincts, civilization, as the carrier of Christianity, still has a case. Making allowance for the fact that revenge—in a savagely primitive and Mohammedan sense—is the motivation of the hero's conduct, and that the Christians encountered in the tale are veritable angels of darkness, we can enjoy the authentic quality of the descriptions of scenery and customs in a world so far and fantastically removed from our own.

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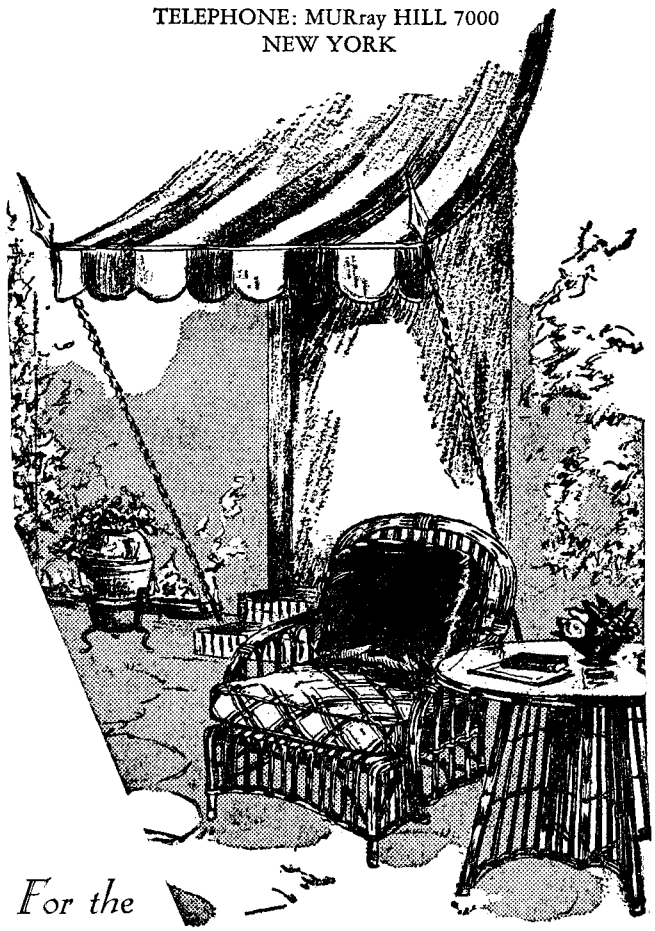

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Two Biographies

The Life of Moses, by Edmond Fleg; translated from the French by Stephen H. Guest. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.00.

The Master: A Life of Jesus Christ, by Walter Russell Bowie. New York: Charles Scribner's Son. $2.50.

THESE books present a notable contrast. The first by a French poet, charmingly translated, is the story of the great lawgiver transfigured by the rabbinical tradition. The Bible tale is enriched with magical imaginings which never distort the portrait. It demonstrates the substantial reliability of tradition; for, as the author points out, the historical Moses lives on in the creative memory of Israel. The mythical element only serves to cut the true image deeper and to identify it with the aspirations of a great race.

The second book discards the Christ of Christendom. It substitutes a synthetic Christ, a reflection of modern religious sentimentality, who suggests the socialist, the pacifist, the faith healer, the psychiatrist and the superman. He was the supreme poet of life; a colossal genius, unique, like Shakespeare. By some mystic gift he saw into the heart of things. He had an immense maturity and surpassed all others in the voyage of spiritual discovery. From his own inner experience he found a new meaning for the Messiah and convinced himself that this awful rôle belonged to him. The crisis came at his baptism, when he vicariously identified himself with the needs of Israel. He had become the Son of God because the love of God was burning within him. Redemption could only come through a spiritual kingdom: there he was to be the centre around which were to be grouped those who shared with him the new experience of power. This power, coming from a close communion with God, released energies that could exert control over both the physical and spiritual nature of those who felt their need of salvation. This explains all the so-called miracles, which were never intended to be prodigies. He had no consciousness of any supernatural birth. The stories of his incarnation, transfiguration, resurrection and mediatorial office are all misunderstandings of his disciples. He left behind no formulation of his teachings; almost everything that he did or said has been misapprehended until modern ingenuity reconstructed his true story.

What is offered as our great example is a supreme and pathetic egoist. Material is provided for religious cant, and, in some people, for religious frenzy. Such a Christ could not be the object of worship, hardly of love. One might admire and despair. A significant book when we remember that its author is the rector of Grace Church, New York, and that he was recently unanimously offered an Anglican bishopric.

EDWARD HAWKS.

Teaching the Classics

The Classics: Their History and Present Status in Education; a symposium of essays edited by Felix M. Kirsh, O.M. Cap. Milwaukee: The Bruce Publishing Company.

THE papers and discussions which make up this volume were presented at the tenth annual meeting of the Franciscan Educational Conference held at Saint Joseph's Seminary, Hinsdale, Illinois, in 1928. A list of the titles of the articles will give the best idea of the range of this work: The History of Classical Education in the Church, The Value of the Classics, College Entrance and Graduation Requirements in the Classical Languages, Methods and Text-books in the Clas-

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sical Course, The Training of the Teacher of the Classics, The Greek Problem, The Tradition of the Classics in England, and Bibliography for the Study of the Classics. The point of view throughout these essays is that of teachers in theological seminaries, but the teacher of Greek and Latin in general will find in them much of interest and assistance.

As in every composite work, a certain unevenness of quality is bound to exist. The information here presented may be considered as philological, historical and pedagogical; and I have named these subdivisions in the order of their value. The pedagogical portion is, in the main, poorly presented. Of course a certain amount of space must be given to a consideration of those theories of teaching the classics which are more or less in the public eye, but a really helpful contribution to our pedagogical knowledge might have been made by presenting for us the main features of the method employed by the outsiding teachers of the Franciscan Conference. The reader will be disappointed in finding under this head little else than a rehash of some of the sense and some of the nonsense set forth in our American classical periodicals.

But I should not dwell at length on this phase which forms, after all, only a small portion of the book. The rest is on a uniformly high level, and carries a very timely message to all Catholic educators. It may be expressed as follows: Let us not desert the noble heritage of the classics, which belongs to us in a special manner as Catholics, and which we must maintain if we would appreciate our Church to the fullest extent; but let us try to preserve it intelligently, first by a universality of outlook on all things Latin and Greek, and secondly, by a sane application of the modern pedagogy to the teaching of the classics in our class-rooms.

ROY J. DEFERRARI.

Gabriel's Brethren

The Angels, by Dom Anscar Vonier, O.S.B. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

AS "IT is a favorite theme with Saint Thomas Aquinas to represent the whole physical world as being entrusted by God to the keeping of the angels," it has appeared well to Dom Anscar Vonier to elucidate somewhat our inherited beliefs in the existence and the character of these potent spirits. He points out the essential differences in art and theology in the interpretation of these winged messengers of God, showing that their immateriality and pure qualities of will and intellect place them quite beyond complete illustration, except as symbols in the paintings and sculptures of our world.

We find in his book a clear determination of the differences in essential nature between good spirits and demons, and the declaration that unbaptized persons as well as the baptized share in the angelic guardianship with those "who behold the face of the Father Who is in heaven." This guardianship is not merely the result of prayer but the final unalterable dispensation of God's providence, "something natural, something normal as the great powers of the physical cosmos. The spirits have not received a mission to interfere with man's free action. There can be miracles of angelic intervention, as there can be miracles of divine intervention; but they are exceptions: God and His Angels work unceasingly for man's welfare."

Again Dom Anscar tells us that man's sins have strengthened Satan's position in this world but that they could not be said to have created it. The presence of the Evil One on this earth in the days of man's innocence is an insoluble mystery.

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thing full of health and life, as contrasted with the contagion, often affecting well-meaning men and women who are held in thraldom by the fascination of modern spiritism and become the playthings of the spirits who have been liars from the beginning. Catholics are defended from these dangers through loyalty to the guidance of the living Church, even if it remains to be proved that all external spiritism is dependent on the activity of the evil spirits.

GARRET LEWALYS.

Mystery and a Style

Death in the Dusk, by Virgil Markham. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

AN INCREASINGLY eye-conscious people, to whom reading has become a habit without very deep cultural roots, must have its literary pabulum. Tomorrow the sentimental romance or the historical novel may be in fashion again; today it just happens to be crime stories, and they pour off the presses, to give their little hour of harmless thrill and pass into oblivion. There are, however, things in the book under review which entitle it to consideration on its literary merits. It too will be forgotten; but while it has its brief life, it is well to call attention to a work which displays meticulous craftsmanship, which keeps entire faith with its readers, and which possesses qualities of style that would do credit to any work.

When I say that this book keeps entire faith with its readers, I mean that the things one looks for in a mystery tale are here in abundance—thrills, horrors, fascinating and exasperating mysteries, incredibilities made credible, the eerie atmosphere, the impingement of the supernatural—and that they are all worked out with the care that leaves one at the end feeling, if not quite convinced, certainly not let down. Never have I read a book in which the indispensable element of suspense is better sustained; and that great desideratum of all concocters of mysteries, the unexpected dénouement—well, here it is in all its power! Every reader of such a tale is of course, consciously or involuntarily, acting the detective all the while he reads; but the thing always claimed for such a book and so seldom justly claimed, namely the totally unexpected ending, the solution so far outside one's expectations as to come with breath-taking force—that is here achieved.

SHAEMAS O'SHEEL.

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GEORGE E. ANDERSON, formerly in the American consular service in China, South America and the Netherlands, is engaged in journalism and law in Virginia.

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